

\$1000.00 PRIZE AWARDS—(IN THIS ISSUE)

Life

FRESH AIR NUMBER



MAY 7, 1925

*"Gee, it's so beeyootiful I'd like to give
somebody a sock in the jaw."*

PRICE 15 CENTS

LIFE DONATES THIS SERIES IN BEHALF OF BETTER MERCHANDISE



I INSIST ON PAYING THAT \$1

MRS. CONSUMER and I have decided to buy a pretty little HORDE car. Watch our monoxide!

I understand that \$1 out of the price of every HORDE car is spent for advertising. And I, Andy Consumer, get stuck for that dollar, because I am the guy who pays and pays and pays.

They take \$1 off of me and turn around and spend it for advertising. It's highway robbery!

Well, this is once I WANT TO GET STUCK. I insist on paying that \$1.

About a couple years ago Mr. HORDE decided to advertise. He was already doing pretty well, but he wanted to do better. He de-

cided to nick \$1 off of every HORDE and spend it in magazines, newspapers, etc. I thought HORDES would go up \$1 each. Did they? No.

No, they have come down several times the last year or so. The advertising that dollar has bought has sold so many more HORDES that Mr. HORDE can make 'em for less and sell 'em about as cheap as tricycles.

If it weren't for that advertising (that \$1) I might have to pay \$50 more for my HORDE. And I'll spend \$1 any day to make \$49.

That dollar's worth of advertising is the best little spare part on a whole HORDE.

*Andy
Consumer*

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS
ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT



The Growing MARMON Success

THERE is no general shortage of motor cars this spring. But there *is* a shortage of the NEW MARMONS. This condition cannot be attributed to small production, because Marmon is now producing more cars than ever before in its history. Never, in seventy-four years of progress, has the strong, good name of Marmon shone so brightly

Standard Four-Door Closed Cars at practically open car price, and comprehensive selection of De Luxe Models, permitting intimate expression of personal taste. All mounted on famous Marmon six-cylinder chassis of 136-inch wheelbase.

OPEN CARS, \$3165. CLOSED CARS, \$3295 TO \$3975. PRICES F.O.B. INDIANAPOLIS, EXCLUSIVE OF TAX

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY . Established 1851 . INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"It's a Great Automobile"

The NEW MARMON

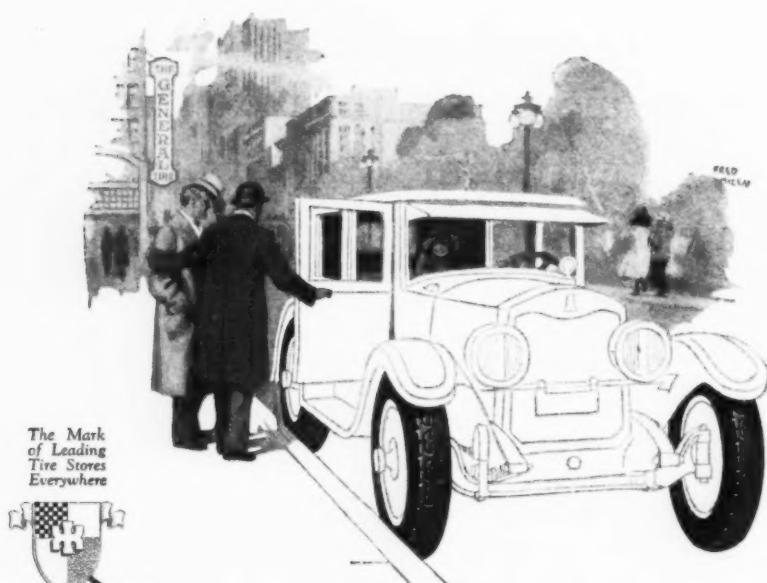


You can enjoy low pressure and still use regular size tires

Hundreds of thousands of car owners are enjoying the advantages of low pressure without having changed their wheel equipment—*they are using General's low-pressure Regular Size Cords.*

It was back in 1919 that General produced the first low-pressure tire ever put on the market—the General Jumbo 30 x 3½ Cord, requiring only 30 pounds of air. Since that time General has specialized in low-pressure construction. This is the sixth year of it and only such long-standing experience can explain General's singular success with low pressure—in all Regular Size Cords as well as Balloon Cords, both 4-ply and 6-ply.

Talk with the General dealer in your city. He will gladly demonstrate the low-pressure advantages of the General Cord for your car.



GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO



L i f e

presents

"The Rover and Over Boys"

—a thrilling serial of
Love and Adventure

by COREY FORD

with illustrations

by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIFE'S readers have already encountered the Rover Boys and their friends; the pranks of these fun-loving lads have thrilled millions through a series of volumes which, if laid end to end, would stretch.



STARTING with the May 14th issue (Next Week), the Rover Boys will go into serial form and will keep going for TEN WEEKS. As written by Mr. Ford, and illustrated by Mr. Williams, this BIG, GRIPPING SERIAL will place LIFE in the forefront of American fictional-true-story magazines.



FOLLOW the Rover Boys around the world! They are true-blue and American to the core! A trial subscription entered NOW will bring you TEN WEEKS of LIFE, and the entire Rover Boys' series to boot.

LIFE

598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your full Rover Boys' Series (Ten Issues), for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

.....
(378)
.....

By the Year, \$5.00
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

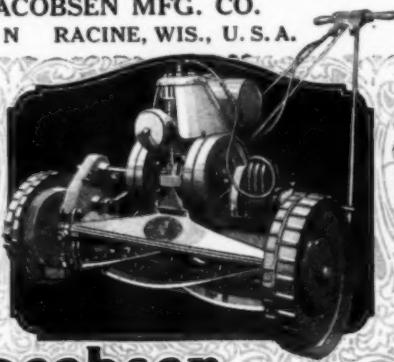
No Chains No Sprockets in this Power Lawn Mower

POWER from the sturdy motor is transmitted by large, machine-cut gears running in oil. This is but one of the long-life, trouble-free features of the Jacobsen 4-Acre Power Lawn Mower.

The Jacobsen is a marvel of mechanical perfection—efficient in close-up work, yet so simple that the inexperienced can operate it successfully. Designed and built by power lawn mower specialists. A proven success.

There's a type of Jacobsen Mower especially adapted to every lawn. Write for literature. Demonstrations arranged without obligation.

JACOBSEN MFG. CO.
Dept. N RACINE, WIS., U.S.A.



Jacobsen
Power Lawn Mowers



TOO MUCH TO ASK

"I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU A PARTY ON OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, M' DEAR, BUT I DO REFUSE TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARIES OF YOUR DIVORCED HUSBANDS."



**Frank's 4th Annual
Cruise de Luxe**
TO THE Mediterranean

Limited to 400 Guests—(Less than Half Capacity)

By Magnificent New Specially Chartered

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons: Sailing Jan. 26, 1926—67 Days.
The Cruise of the "Scythia" to the Mediterranean has become an annual classic. In every respect it is unsurpassed.

EGYPT—PALESTINE

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England. The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious state-rooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Bengala," or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.

Also **EUROPEAN TOURS**—Frequent Departures

FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 Fifth Avenue, New York
219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia, 582 Market St., San Francisco
At Bank of America, 752 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
(Est. 1875) Paris Cairo London



visitors enjoying

COLORADO sceneryland

You can enjoy more scenic trips by Rail and Auto from Denver, than from any other city in the world.

Visit Rocky Mountain National Park, the most superb of all the National Parks. Denver's Mountain Parks and Mesa Verde National Park. Five living glaciers are easily accessible from Denver. Colorado has 15 National Forests, with 500 lakes and 6,000 miles of fishing streams. The Echo Lake-Mount Evans trip is the most beautiful auto trip in the world. Hotels, Resorts and cottages are plentiful.

Our Colorado Vacation Booklet will help you plan your trip. Write

TOURIST AND PUBLICITY BUREAU
Denver Chamber of Commerce
532 Seventeenth St., Denver, Colo.



The Packard Six Seven Passenger Sedan Limousine \$2,885 at Detroit

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"—OR A HUNDRED

THE average Packard Six owner expects to keep his car nearly three times as long as the car he traded in.

Records compiled during the last six months show that 90% of Packard owners expect to keep their cars three years or more—75% four years or more, and 60% five years or more.

Every seventh Packard Six owner expects to keep his car ten years.

The Packard owner does more than expect to keep his car—he keeps it.

For example, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a city

of 77,000 population, Packard Six cars have been sold to 215 owners during the past five years.

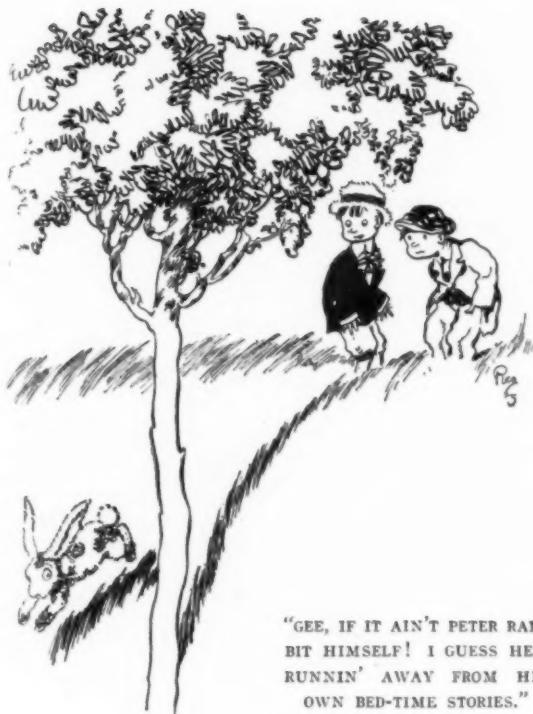
Two hundred and twelve of the 215 still have Packard cars—their original cars, except where enclosed or larger ones were desired.

In Youngstown, Ohio the record is 197 out of 200.

In the Packard Six, beauty, distinction, comfort and pride of possession are most liberally combined with long life and economy of operating and maintenance charges.

The Packard Six and the Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. A liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital.

P A C K A R D



"GEE, IF IT AIN'T PETER RABBIT HIMSELF! I GUESS HE'S RUNNIN' AWAY FROM HIS OWN BED-TIME STORIES."

Couldn't Live Without One

I LOVE a sleeping porch.

The rain beating on one's face gives one the feeling of being close to nature as nothing else can. The wind sweeping around one's head makes one feel like one's Viking ancestors, sailing the northern seas in their frail craft.

The clatter of the milk bottles below and the exhaust of the neighbors' motors backing out of their garages train one's nerves for the battle of life.

The cold one endures, huddled under the sheet, makes one kin to MacMillan and Doc Cook.

I love a sleeping porch.

I have never slept on one. *McCready Huston.*

Economy Pays

ECONOMY is a wonderful thing. I bought a special ignition system for my car, to economize on gas. This made the motor look so dingy by comparison that I painted the cylinders with aluminum paint. The result was such a success that I decided to touch up the rims with silver also.

It didn't seem much of a job to paint the old bus all over. The ensemble was so attractive that I had to oil the top to make it harmonize.

A new motometer, sun visor, and hub caps, and a few dollars' worth of accessories gave me such a good-looking car that I decided to trade it in for a new one.

The new car cost more than I expected, but I figured that I could save the difference by not installing any more economy devices. *Sherman Ripley.*

THE average college graduate will try to explain to himself why he studied Greek art and then went into the bond business.

Life

Threat

*I'll punch his nose and black his eye
And knock him down with both my fists,
If I can ever get the guy
Who puts my name on mailing lists.*

The postman (who has had a raise in pay) is smiling nowadays, The while he totes my morning mail— Yet, when I see him, must I quail, For well I know just what he brings Of circulars and other things Containing messages like these: "Own Your Own Home at Ocean Breeze!" "A thousand down—the rest like rent," "These bonds will yield you six per cent," "Use Septoline to chase the germs," "A bedroom set on easy terms," "Kid Kumfut Shoes will lighten toil," "Our gushers now are spouting OIL!" "An easy recipe for wine," "Just sign upon the dotted line," "Save something for that rainy day," And that is why I sadly say—

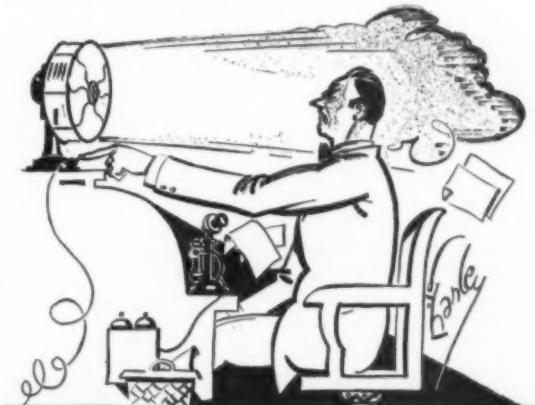
*I'll punch his nose and black his eye
And knock him down with both my fists,
If I can ever get the guy
Who puts my name on mailing lists.*

R. E. Sherwood.

Nothing Wasted

THE young wife was in tears when her husband came home from work.

"What is wrong, darling?" "Oh, that maid! She smashes everything she touches." "Good! Send her over next door at once. Mrs. Spuggs wants some one to help her move her victrola."



THE FIRST BREEZE OF SUMMER

THE FELLOW WHO TURNED ON THE FAN WITHOUT FIRST DUSTING IT OFF



THE HOT BOX

Mothers Up-to-Date

THE sympathetic readiness of shopkeepers to help in the observance of Mother's Day has evolved some curious anachronisms. Mindful of sentiment and forgetful of progress, they hark back to the time of the prairie schooner, and the old oaken bucket, and the venerated armchair; to the time when mothers were elderly at forty and aged at fifty; when they had silvery hair, and darned innumerable socks. The confusion engendered in the mind of the modern man by this unfamiliar figure sets him staring blankly at shop windows as though he were a traveler from Mars.

An enterprising florist, for example, with a large stock of white carnations, displays a portrait of an old lady (who might easily be a great-grandmother) reading her Bible. She is accompanied by a work-table, a pair of silver-mounted spectacles, a photograph of a son, a bunch of carnations sent by a son, an open letter written by a son, a half-finished slipper of woolwork to be worn by a son, and an old-fashioned broché shawl. The window of an adjacent department store is even more archaic. It contains a portrait of a great-great-grandmother, a bed covered with a patchwork quilt, a rocking chair, an embroidered stool, a Bible text, a broché shawl, and a spinning wheel. Is there in the length and breadth of the United States

a man who associates his mother with silver spectacles or a spinning wheel?

Miss Anna Jarvis, the founder of Mother's Day, has proposed that a monument should be erected in Washington to "The Woman with the Apron." Why the apron? The sacredness of motherhood does not depend on aprons. It antedated them, and it will perchance survive them. The world moves, and mothers move with it. If the good son of 1925 wishes to keep the tenth of May, let him send his youthful mother a new tennis racket, or new golf clubs, or some silk stockings, or silver slippers (instead of spectacles), or pearl earrings, or the latest thing in bridge tables, or a wallet to hold her winnings, or a check to pay her losses. We are as sentimental as ever we were, but fashions in mothers change.

Agnes Repplier.

For Rent

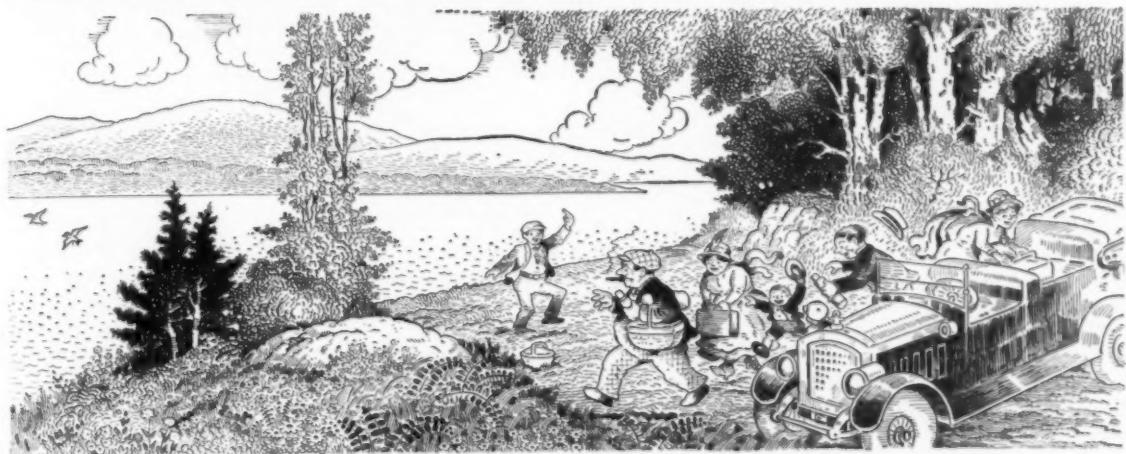
SUBURBAN Cottage. Radio receptivity excellent. Aerial already installed, two hundred feet long. Special built-in cabinet for receiving set. Wall plugs for batteries, ground, and phonograph adapter. Number of rooms, price and other details on application.

FIRST NATIVE: D'ye suppose them summer folks likes to bathe in the ocean?

SECOND NATIVE: Naw, it's just a tradition.



"MY WORD! THERE'S A MAN-EATING SHARK."
"YOU SHOULD WORRY, KID—YOU'RE SAFE!"



HARRISON CADY

THE NATURE LOVERS

Life



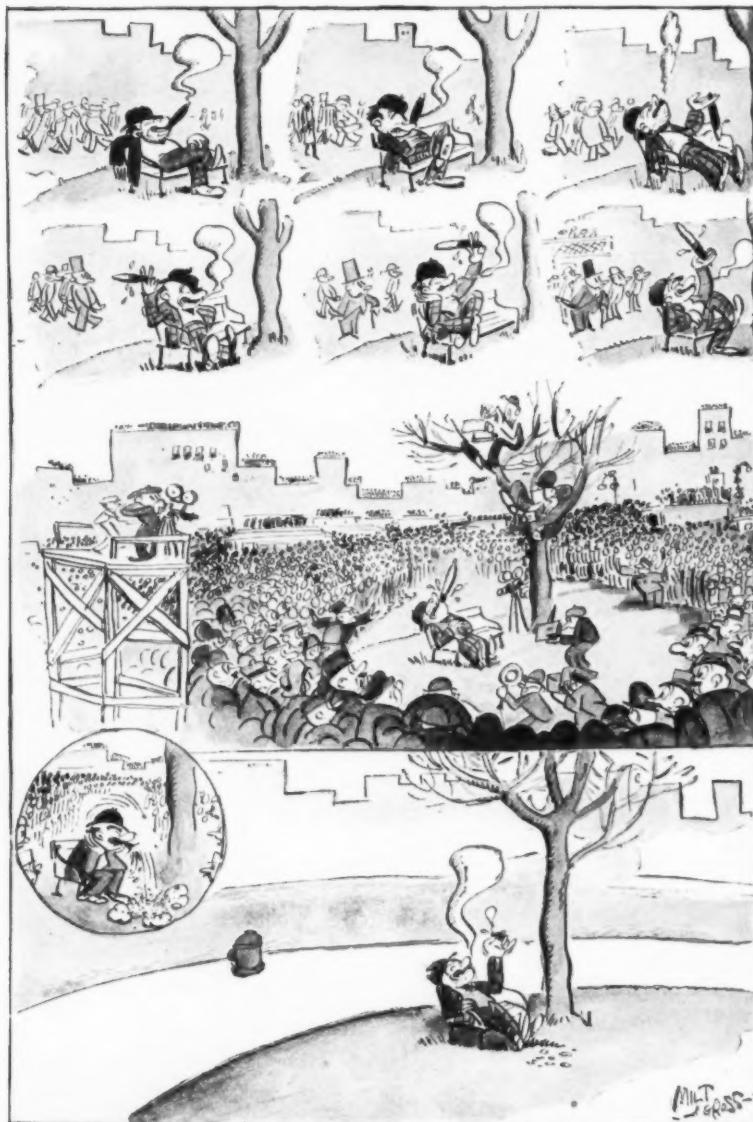
Lines

THE airplane has bombed a few more battleships into the theoretical discard, and it looks as if Col. WILLIAM MITCHELL was about due for another demotion.

Among the many things we wonder about is whether the President of Mexico follows the American custom

and, at the opening of the national sport season, throws out the first bull.

Several newspapers have experimented with a "crimeless" front page, and we hope that others will follow their lead. The "pointless" comic strip, when introduced some years ago, was an instantaneous success.



Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

The time-honored metaphor, "bringing up the heavy artillery to shoot at a clay pipe," was easily surpassed recently when the Navy Department sent out the giant dirigible, Los Angeles, to take photographs of the bootleg vessels on Rum Row.

Formation of the International Union of Amateurs of the Radio has been announced. Doubtless the first strike will be for longer hours and shorter wave lengths.

In suing the Bethlehem Steel Corporation for fifteen million dollars, the Government has charged that CHARLES M. SCHWAB had failed to keep the profits of his own companies down to the cost plus basis—ten per cent, plus the cost of production—while he had forced other shipbuilding companies to comply with this restriction.

Mr. SCHWAB, as you will no doubt remember, was one of those dollar-a-year men.

If the United States doesn't treat its dollar-a-year employees better than this, the next war will find the boys holding out for double wages.

This country seems to be singularly ungrateful to its shipbuilding heroes of 1917-'18. Even JACK DEMPSEY has been suspended by the New York Boxing Commission for his failure to fight.

The entire naval force of the United States has been bombarding Hawaii during the past weeks—but apparently with negligible success. The supply of ukuleles seems to be just as large as ever.

With the "capture" of Honolulu we suggest that a mimic peace conference be held as a demonstration of diplomatic preparedness.

Next Sunday is Mother's Day, and every dutiful son will celebrate the occasion by purchasing a white carnation. It's so much less trouble than a letter home!



MOTHER'S DAY

LIFE .



*The Kid: COULD I GET SOME OF THAT FREE AIR, MISTER? I
WANT TO TAKE IT TO MY SISTER—SHE'S SICK.*

Summer Forecast

42. 178,520 moths will praise the Lord for raccoon coats. 11,020,500 straw hats will be bought. 200 will suit wearers a week after purchase.

1,907,111 will predict their next tee shots will be holed. One of these will be a great pest forever after.

19,067 fans will dope the race for the world's baseball title correctly. 5,054,369 fans will say, "I told you so."

200,759 wives will insist on playing golf with hobbies. 200,759 wives will

23,830,693 people will plan to start

5,669,004 men will spend their vacation saving for Christmas. 7,630 people will start saving.

5,007,004 men will spend their vacations at the resorts their wives select. Of the 13,967 men who will go to places of their own choosing, 13,967 will be bachelors.

1,849 artists and writers will decide to quit playing golf because it causes them to neglect their work. The writings and drawings of these 1,849 will suffer because too much golf is played.

486,952 hot weather, fishing, golf, Fourth of July, baseball and vacation jokes and quips will be published. 4 will be almost new.

James D. Ashley.

Ballade of Old-Time Drama

WHITHER, on Styx or Elysian lea,
Have strayed those lines of the old-time show?
Say them with rue and with rosemary:
"Your wife? Never! I spurn you. Go!"
"Hound, you'll live to regret that blow!"
"What! Not dead? Ralph Brookfield here!"
"I'll deck you with gems from head to toe."
Where are the lines of vester-year?

"We call her de Rose of our Alley. Gee!
Ain't she a sight for de angels, though?"
"Great God, the switch—if my hands were free—"
"Who were my parents? I don't know.
I was cast ashore in the cold and snow,
And Uncle Dave kept the lighthouse near . . ."
Hearts and Flowers, Professor—slow!
Where are the lines of yester-year?

"Aha, my pretty one, trapped, I see;
Sign the deed, or my men will throw
Your meddlesome lover who strove with me
Over the edge of the mine-shaft. So
Dale Bloodgood deals with his every foe!"
"I go to fight for my country, dear."
"Can you close your heart to a mother's woe?"
Where are the lines of yester-year?

L'ENVOI

"Though her raiment's coarse and her station's low,
I love her, Father, and hold her peer
To the proudest duchess in Rotten Row!"
Where are the lines of yester-year?

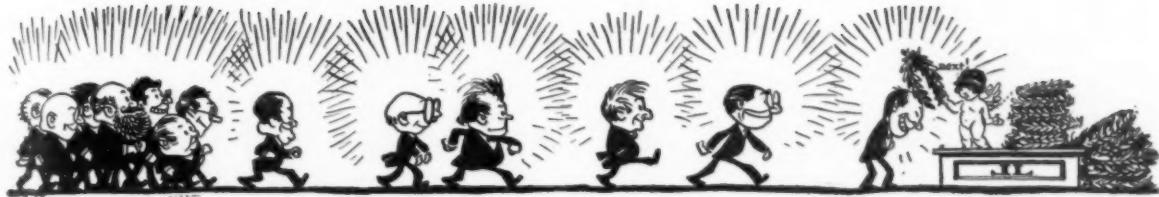
Kenneth Allan Robinson.

The Conscientious Reporter

THOSE of us who have sampled some of the stuff that is being peddled nowadays know what the newspapers mean when they say, "Dry agents seized fifty cases of alleged liquor."



"GOLF'S AN ABSOLUTE RELIGION WITH HIM."



Announcing the Major Prize Winners in LIFE'S Question Contest

\$50 Prize Winners on Individual Questions

Question No. 1

"What Is the Worst Law in
the United States?"

Won by

Mrs. F. A. Brooks
515 San Luis Road, Berkeley, Calif.

Question No. 2

"Why Is the Ku Klux Klan?"

Won by

R. S. Kellogg
18 Bayley Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Question No. 3

"Shall We Cancel the French
War Debt?"

Won by

Alice M. Keys,
190 Scarborough Road,
Toronto, Canada.

Question No. 4

"What About the Younger
Generation?"

Won by

George Grimes,
"World-Herald," Omaha, Neb.

Question No. 5

"Is Democracy a Success?"

Won by

H. W. Davis
1727 Fairview Avenue,
Manhattan, Kan.

First Prize \$300

Won by

Mrs. F. A. Brooks,
515 San Luis Road,
Berkeley, Calif.

Second Prize \$125

Won by

R. S. Kellogg,
18 Bayley Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Third Prize \$75

Won by

A. F. Van Bibber, M. D.
Bel Air, Md.

In addition to these three prizes, LIFE is pleased to announce four special awards of \$25 each to the following: ALICE M. KEYS, 190 Scarborough Road, Toronto, Canada; R. S. UNDERWOOD, Auburn, Ala.; H. W. DAVIS, Manhattan, Kan., and GEORGE GRIMES, "World-Herald," Omaha, Neb.

The Story of the Contest

IN tabulating the records on all ten questions in this Contest, it was found that Mrs. Brooks had the highest average, with one winning answer and four honorable mentions; Mr. Kellogg was next, with one winning answer and three honorable mentions, and Dr. Van Bibber had a clear title to third prize, with seven honorable mentions, which included two answers selected for publication.

It was decided by the Judges to make the special awards to Mrs. Keys, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Davis and Mr. Grimes, although no further prize had been definitely offered, as each of them

(Continued on page 35)

\$50 Prize Winners on Individual Questions

Question No. 6

"Do the Newspapers
Encourage Crime?"

Won by

Charles Jones,
48 Caryl Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Question No. 7

"Why Do We Pay an Income
Tax?"

Won by

Theodore C. Diller,
East Wing, Gambier, Ohio

Question No. 8

"What Is a 100% American?"

Won by

Pelham Barrett,
601 Piedmont Ave.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Question No. 9

"What Is the Worst City in
the United States?"

Won by

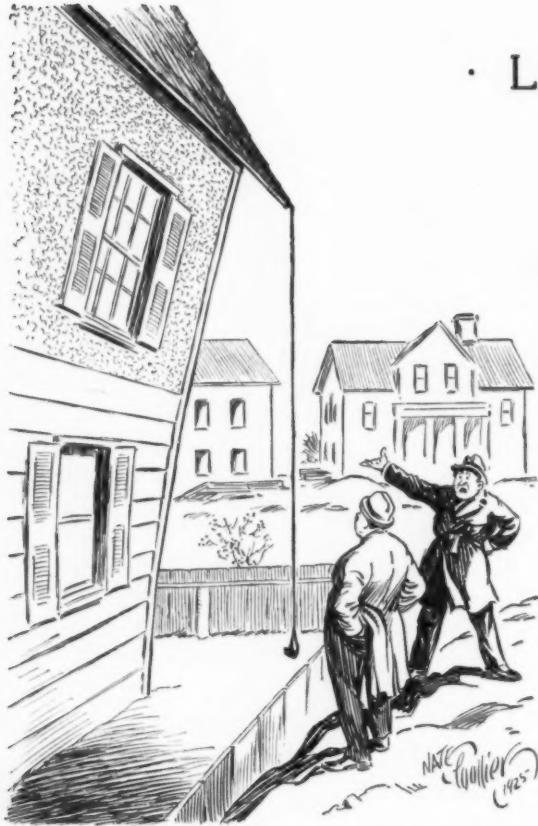
Justus A. Grimshaw,
400 Penobscot Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich.

Question No. 10

"Is Religion on the Wane?"

Won by

R. S. Underwood,
Auburn, Ala.



Owner: CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ALL OUT O' PLUMB?
 Contractor: THAT'S AN OLD WORN-OUT PLUMB-LINE. IT
 AIN'T RELIABLE.

Modern Chronicles of America

(As Performed by Miles Standish, Priscilla Clair de la Lune and John Alden. "Vaudeville's Original Eternal Triangle.")

MILES: Lissun, Mister Leader, while I tell it to you, Lissun, all you folks here, 'cause I swear that it's true. It's the jack what gets 'em, the dough what upsets 'em, The long green what knocks the wimmen red, white and blue.

(At this patriotic sentiment, the audience is expected to rise and stand in silence for two minutes. Exit Miles. Enter John and Priscilla.)

JOHN: Babe, there's somethin' stirrin' in muh breast; Babe, I gotta make of you a gen-u-wine request. Tune 'em up, Professor, she's a nifty guesser, Knows muh heart is breakin' underneath muh vest.

PRISCILLA: Was they somethin' you should wanted to ast me, John?

JOHN: Now 't you mention it, honey, yeah. Say, dearie, suppose I was to walk into a, now, strictly kosher delicatessen, and you was the gal behind the counter, an' I was to say, "Gimme a pound o' ham," well, what would you say?

PRISCILLA: I'd say, "Mister, they ain't nobody here 'ceptin us chickens."

JOHN: Har, har, har! An' say, sweetie, suppose you an' me was out walkin', an' I'd say to you, "Who was that lady you seen me with, Sat'day?" well, what would you say?

PRISCILLA: It couldn't of been Sat'day, for on account of I was to Brooklyn Sat'day.

LIFE

JOHN: Har, har, har! Well, *suppose*.

PRISCILLA: I'd say, "It probly was a couple other fellows."

JOHN: Har, har, har! (Becoming serious.) Professor, if you please. (Sentimental music.)

JOHN: Little gal, I got somethin' for to say—

PRISCILLA: Speak away, speak away, ain't no time like to-day—

JOHN: Thinkin' of you like I am all of the whiles, Little gal, why don't you up an' marry Miles?

PRISCILLA: Goodness, Mister Alden, but you gimme a start—

JOHN: What I'm tellin', dearest, is right out of my heart.

He's got the pelf, he's got the pelf—

PRISCILLA: Lissun, Mister Alden, why not *speak for your self*?

(Note: This is the big punch of the act. Keep the orchestra quiet while they clinch. Re-enter Miles.)

MILES: Go on, ast me what is a pessimist.

JOHN AND PRISCILLA: Aw ri', Miles, wot is a pessimist?

MILES: A pessimist is a optimist which has been double-crossed. Har, har!

(Priscilla sings "Me and the Boy Friend," and the curtain descends amidst the tumultuous applause of the ushers.)

Tip Bliss.

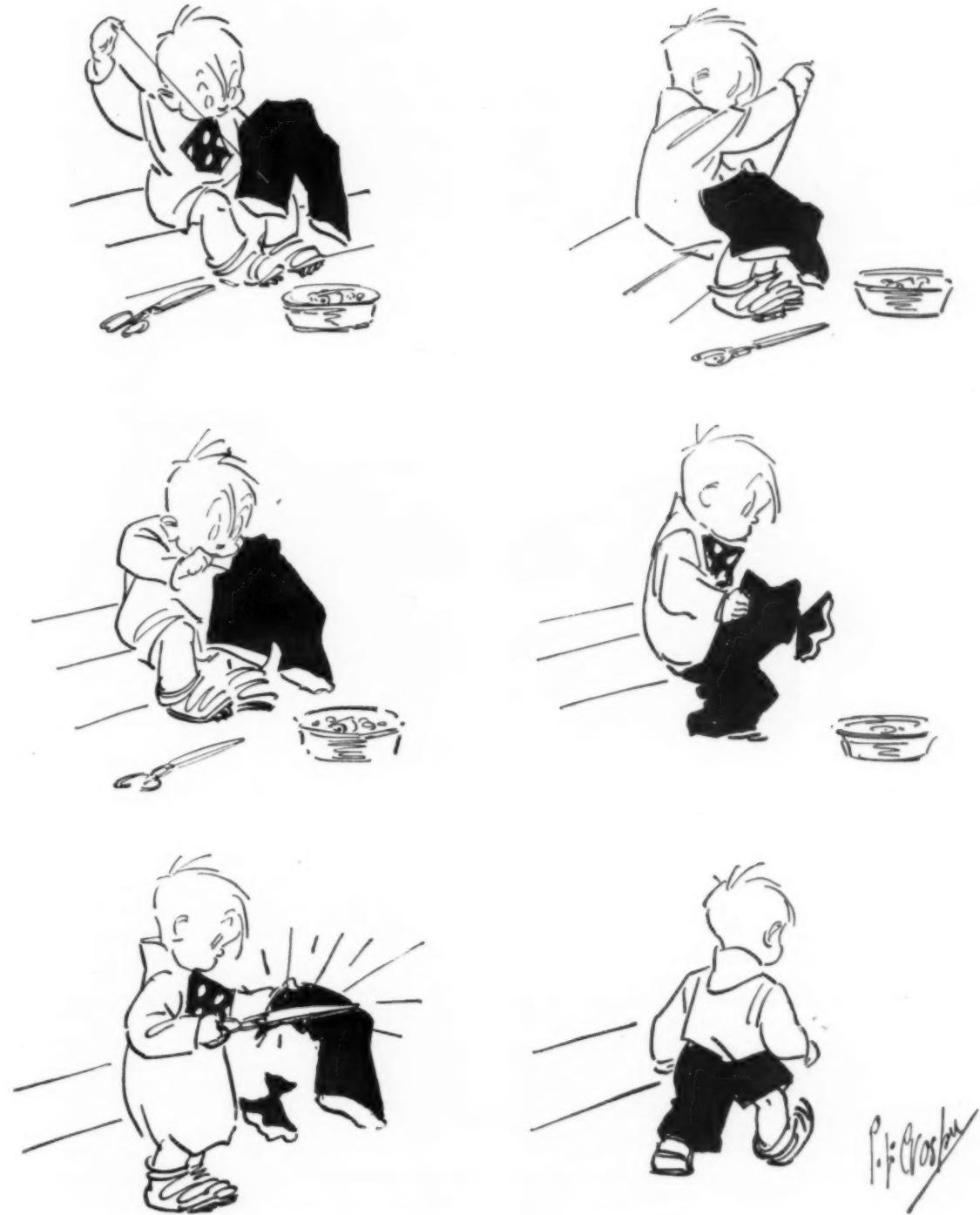
What's Wrong with This Sentence?

"JOHN, dear: dinner's on the table. Now don't rush; take your time and finish reading your story—there's no hurry."

WIDE dissatisfaction over the recent postal regulation requiring two cents postage on postcards is reported. Many had hoped it would be made a dollar, at least.



WHAT THE GREAT AMERICAN FATHER KNOWS ABOUT EUROPE



Skippy

SKIPPY ONCE WATCHED A BOY SCOUT SEW.

When the Mercury Goes Up



BEFORE

PROBABLY you are feeling very comfortable as you read this. You know perfectly well, though, that between now and September there are going to be times when nothing you can do will make you entirely comfortable. You may take any number of baths; you may be equipped with plenty of electric and other fans; all sorts of cooling drinks may be yours for the pushing of a button; with all these comforts there are bound to be days and nights when even they won't enable you to escape the suffering from heat—that is, if you have to stay in the city.

At those times, which you with all your alleviations find it hard to endure, there are thousands of little, poor tenement children who can't escape or mitigate the heat, day or night. Hot pavements, heat-retaining buildings, stuffy and crowded rooms, bad air, foul smells—these things you escape, but the tenement children can't. They simply have to stay and suffer and wilt and wait for cooler weather to bring relief.

We should like to take all the tenement children out of New York and keep them in the fresh air and green fields of the country during the whole heated term. These surroundings,

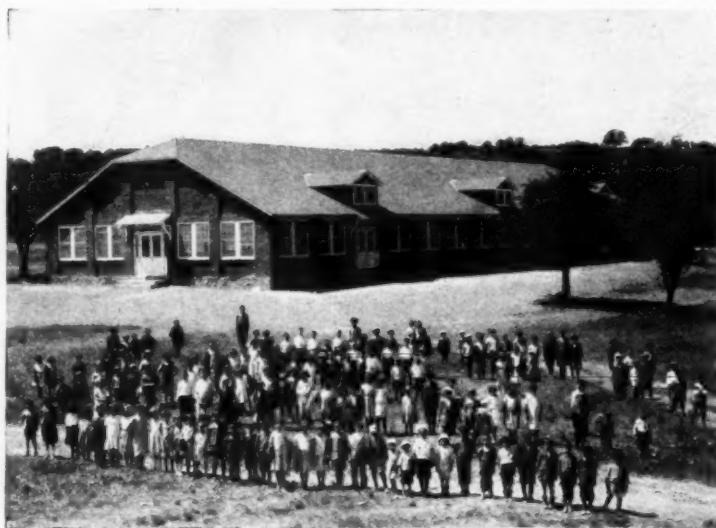
together with generous, nourishing food and plenty of play, would give their little bodies a chance to build up resistance to the ills of their existence.

We can't take them all, much as we should like to. In the past thirty-eight years, we have taken over forty thousand of them out for a fortnight of relief and happiness. We can, with your help, continue to take some of them away from their misery. We can give them something to look forward to and to look back on. That helps those little children a whole lot. Will you help us to help them?

A unit of fifteen dollars provides most of the cost of sending a child. In these days of high prices we can't be sure that fifteen dollars will pay all of a child's expenses for a fortnight, but it comes pretty near it, near enough to

make sure that it will provide a fresh-air vacation for a poor child. Don't hesitate, even if you can't send the entire unit. Any part of it will mean part of a vacation for a child, or a whole vacation for part of a child. Send more, if you feel that way.

Of course, you don't know how a tenement child feels in the torrid night of August. You can guess at it, though, from your own experience. If you can, give a thought and send a bit of help to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.



WHERE THEY SLEEP AT POTTERSVILLE

LIFE'S Farms

LIFE has two Fresh Air Farms, one at Branchville, Connecticut; the other at Pottersville, New Jersey. During the summer vacation period parties of children are given a two weeks' vacation in the country. The number of children to go depends on how generously you give. It has been decided this year to send the girls to one camp and the boys to the other. These children are taken from the poorer districts of Greater New York. The effect of these two weeks will be even greater than ever before. LIFE'S Fresh Air Association has secured the services of Mr. L. B. Sharp of Teachers' College, Columbia University, to take charge of the summer camp activities. The children will receive more than fresh air and lots of good food—they will receive instructions in such things as swimming, athletic games, clay modeling, basket weaving, bird-lore, appreciation of plants and flowers. In short, they will be taught along simple lines in order to help them develop into better and more useful citizens. It is LIFE's intention to keep in touch with each child the fifty weeks in the year when he or she

is away from the farm. The best type of caretakers is employed to look after the children, which accounts for the fact that in an experience with more than forty thousand children, so far there has not been one serious accident.

LIFE'S Farms are supported entirely by contributions from its friends and readers. If you can't send money, maybe you have some children's book in your attic, some old bathing suits, or an old chest of tools. Everything and anything you send will be appreciated. Please help to provide for a happy vacation in lives where happy vacations are rare.

Perpetual Good

TWO hundred dollars doesn't yield quite enough income to pay for a child's summer vacation, but it establishes a Fresh Air Endowment, meaning that it goes into a perpetual trust which with other funds insures that every year a poor child will have that enjoyment. A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any

(Continued on page 36)



AFTER



"OH, HE'S KIND OF BACKING DOWN. YOU KNOW—LIKE A MAN DOES AFTER HE'S SAID ANYTHING."

American History Revised

BATTLE of Concord. The annual struggle of wine makers, posing as grape-juice manufacturers, to corner the crop of Concord grapes.

"The Shot Heard Round the World." This trenchant saying has become adled with the passing of the years. It should read: "The Shots Drunk Round the Country."

Bunker Hill. Ask any golfer what it means.

George Washington. A Revolutionary General who did not look like any of the 9,347 portraits for which he sat.

Martha Washington. The patron saint of 11,389 candy stores, 66,922 tea shops and 6,333 dressmakers.

Hessians. Europeans who enlisted to see the world.

The Boston Tea Party. This title is a misnomer. The incident referred to is the boarding of British vessels twelve miles out of New York and the confiscation of their cargoes of "tea."

King George. The monarch who gave

Congress the idea of taxation without representation.

Crossing the Delaware. George Washington commuting to his work.

The Declaration of Independence. It was great stuff in those days.

Lafayette. A French General who helped the Colonists so that his nation would not have to pay its debt to the United States in 1925.

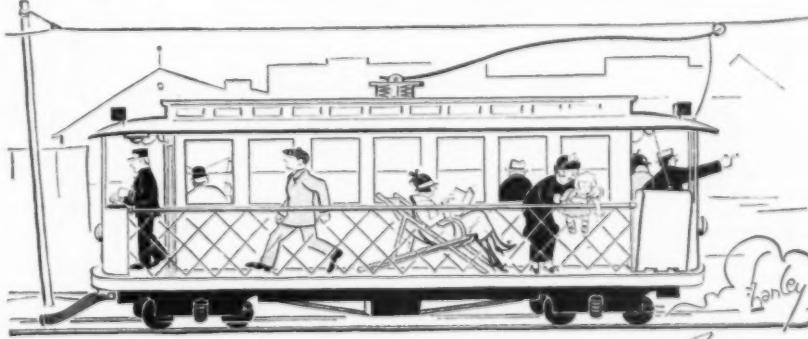
Valley Forge. The Palm Beach of those days. *Robert Hage.*

Hook, Line and Sinker

SMITH seems to know all about fishing. I didn't know he was an outdoor man."

"He's not. He writes sub-titles for educational movies."

A RADIO expert has shown that broadcasting can be done underground. Things are getting worse and worse for the subway traveler.



FOR SUBURBAN CRUISING—THE PROMENADE-DECK TROLLEY



"MAMA, LOOK! THE HILL HAS HAD ITS HAIR BOBBED!"

The Annual Outing of the Magazines

"WELL, well," remarked *Motor*, pulling off his driving gloves. "A fast trip. Plenty of power in that engine—bore 3½, stroke 5½—and exceptionally easy riding, too."

"I wish we had had an open car, though," complained *Outdoor Recreation*, peevishly. "The fresh air would have been good for us."

"Lend a hand here with them baskets," interrupted the *Country Gentleman*.

The *American Boy* and the *Youth's Companion* were busy bringing firewood, but none could get a blaze started until *Boys' Life*, who was a Boy Scout, showed them how to do it.

"Let's get a big log for the fire," suggested *Physical Culture*. So he and the other Macfadden publications bounded away with great vitality in search of an extra-large tree.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion* soon had the places laid and the spread was so attractive that one was reminded of the Household Hints departments of both of them.

Suddenly *Cosmopolitan* laughed aloud, derisively. "Look at them," he sneered, pointing at *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, the *Spur* and *Town and Country*, who had drawn away from the others and were discussing the scandal of the spring season in bored tones.

"Let them go!" snapped *Collier's*. "The younger generation isn't really immoral and next week—"

"Here, here! No shop talk!" interjected the *Saturday Evening Post*, a trifle jealously and so loudly that the *Atlantic Monthly* and other members of the Quality Group looked up in surprise from their discussion. But the war clouds soon rolled away.

"I see by the papers that twice as many—" began the *Literary Digest*, but the *Outlook* caught him up.

"You and your partners!" he sneered. "It's a pity you can't be a little original once in a while."

"Come, come!" called the *Delinicator*, cheerily. "Luncheon is all ready. You will find the suggested menu on page 57, if you care to look."

So the time passed pleasantly, with only a few breaks while the luncheon was "continued in next county."

John C. Emery.

Where Cash Is Due

THE wages of sin is a check from a confessions magazine.

Intimating That Many an Honest Heart Beats 'Neath a Jeweled Jacket

"I am prepared to believe that life is more significant in a delicatessen store than in an apartment on Park Avenue, and that the emotions of a truck driver are more subtle than those of a person of quality."—*W. Somerset Maugham, in "The Bookman."*

WELL, I am not. Kind hearts may hold

On coronets outrageous odds;
However, when a tale is told,
Give me the darlings of the gods.

For simple faith more may be said
Than Norman blood would dare expect,
But not to one who's overfed
On hearing it in dialect.

I love to read about the rich
Who prattle in a Wilde-ish way,
And purchase every single stitch
They wear from Patou or Doucet.

I never, never shall believe
Habitués of drawing-rooms
Don't laugh as lightsomely, or grieve
As poignantly, as cooks and grooms.

At fiction's feast I therefore feed
Beside the simple servant-girl,
Asking for naught in word and deed
Below a duchess or an earl.

Baird Leonard.



THE BED-TIME STORY

"WHAT TIME DID YOU GET IN LAST NIGHT?"
"OH, ABOUT 11:30."

Little Stories of Big Men

Electrically Speaking

A FEW Senators were watching the President exercising on his electric horse.

"That horse, Cal," said one of the Senators, who had come out of the West, "wouldn't be worth a cent on a race course."

"Well," replied the President, dryly, "it might be good in the ohm stretch."

And yet they say Coolidge hasn't a sense of humor.

Orientation

BEFORE Prohibition," said the girl at the switchboard in the big hotel, "I would sometimes get a ring from a room upstairs and a husky voice would ask, 'Say, what's the name of this hotel?' Now, I sometimes get a ring and the same kind of a husky voice asks, 'Say, what's the name of this city?'"

THE Skeptics' Society recently visited the man who married the 1911 Beauty Prize Winner. They hope to disprove the old theory that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."



"THE BIG PIKER! COURTIN' SIS FOR TWO YEARS AN' MORE, AND LOOKIT ALL HE GIVES HER FOR AN ENGAGEMENT PRESENT!"

Not a Fugitive

THE son of a United States engineer applied for a job in a United States bank in South America.

"Have you had any previous banking experience?" he was asked.

"No, sir," said the young man; "I've always lived here."



THE GAY NINETIES

OUTRAGED WOMANHOOD HOLDING AN IMPROMPTU INDIGNATION MEETING IN FRONT OF A BILLBOARD ADVERTISING THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO GLORIFY THE AMERICAN GIRL ON THE STAGE. ALSO SHOWING A HAPLESS MALE OF THE PERIOD ABOUT TO GO TO THE DEMNITION BOW-WOWS UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUICKLY TO SAFEGUARD HIS MORALS.



MAY 7, 1925

JAN.

VOL. 85. 2218

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art EditorCLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

fresh air into children.

The freshening of the air is attended to out-of-doors on a large scale by qualified authorities, who have it washed and agitated and put through other processes of purification as needed.

What is desired is that air, so treated by experts, shall be used for the freshening of children.

This process, partly chemical, partly economic, calls for time, work, MONEY and organization.

If the readers of LIFE will find and apply their share of the money, the other necessities will be supplied by persons who keep them in stock, and the Fresh Air and the Children will get together.

A GREAT friend of Children, of Fresh Air, and of health was Sir William Osler of Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Oxford, whose life, by Harvey Cushing, just out, runs through two fat volumes of about 700 pages apiece and good-sized pages at that. That makes a good deal of reading, but it is very remarkable reading, for Dr. Cushing had a very remarkable subject. To read about Osler is to feel for the time being that the most important thing in the world is the practice of medicine and the next most important is the collection of books. Everything Sir William touched became fascinating. Contact with him, especially for young doctors and medical students, was like contact with the bones of Elisha. He vivified and vitalized the things he gave his mind

to. A wonderful man, the greatest doctor of his day and a continuing force of profound importance in medicine!

The book about him is big, as said, but no part of it is dull. There is a great deal in it about medicine, a great deal about book collecting, a lot about the war, a lot about doctors in general and Sir William in particular, and much more. It has been put together with affection and understanding. Labor has not been grudged to it, nor will time be grudged to the reading of it. Dr. Cushing really has brought Osler to life for us, and so doing has let loose a great stimulant in the world and really done a service to mankind.

THE sudden death of Sargent, coming along at the time of the appearance of the Life of Osler, connects in a way these two remarkable men. And there is a connection. One was the first doctor of his time; the other was the top painter, and both of them were products of transplanted stock. Osler was born in Canada of British parents; Sargent in Florence of American parents of the English breed from Boston. Sargent, born, schooled and trained in Europe, lived mostly in London, but remained all his life an American citizen and never lost interest in it. He was really American in his heart and mind as well as by birthright, which is why he did not long take to become Sir John Sargent or Lord Sargent. Sir William Osler, schooled and trained in America, lived in Canada and the United States till he was fifty-five. His great work was in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He was a great American, one of the greatest, but in his heart English. He went to Oxford like a child to his mother.

Here you have two first-class men,

very wonderful men, head men in their respective work, in whom England and the United States, Europe and America are mixed up beyond all power of disentanglement.

SARGENT had, beyond any other man of his time, the power of conferring distinction upon his fellow creatures. That is a power that belongs to great painters. Distinction is in request and that is one of the things you want to buy when you pay somebody to do your portrait. You do not always get it, but from Sargent you did get it in a remarkable degree. His great pictures immortalized their subjects. His good pictures imparted distinction whether they embellished or disfigured. Any picture by his hand took the sitter out of the common ruck and gave his visage at least a marketable value.

Really that is a remarkable power that painters have. Who is that old woman cutting her nails that Rembrandt painted? Heaven knows, but she is immortal. Think what the Italian painters did, Leonardo especially, in visualizing religion and its messengers for us. We see with their eyes, considerably we think their thoughts, using their minds or being used by them just as we are used by the minds of the great writers and of the great spirits generally.



DEAN INGE is here and an interesting visitor. He lodges just at this moment of writing with Col. Fairfield Osborn, and if he finds himself stuffed and mounted and on exhibition in the Natural History Museum he will have nothing to complain of but his own rash confidence. Meanwhile he is doing a course of lectures at Yale.

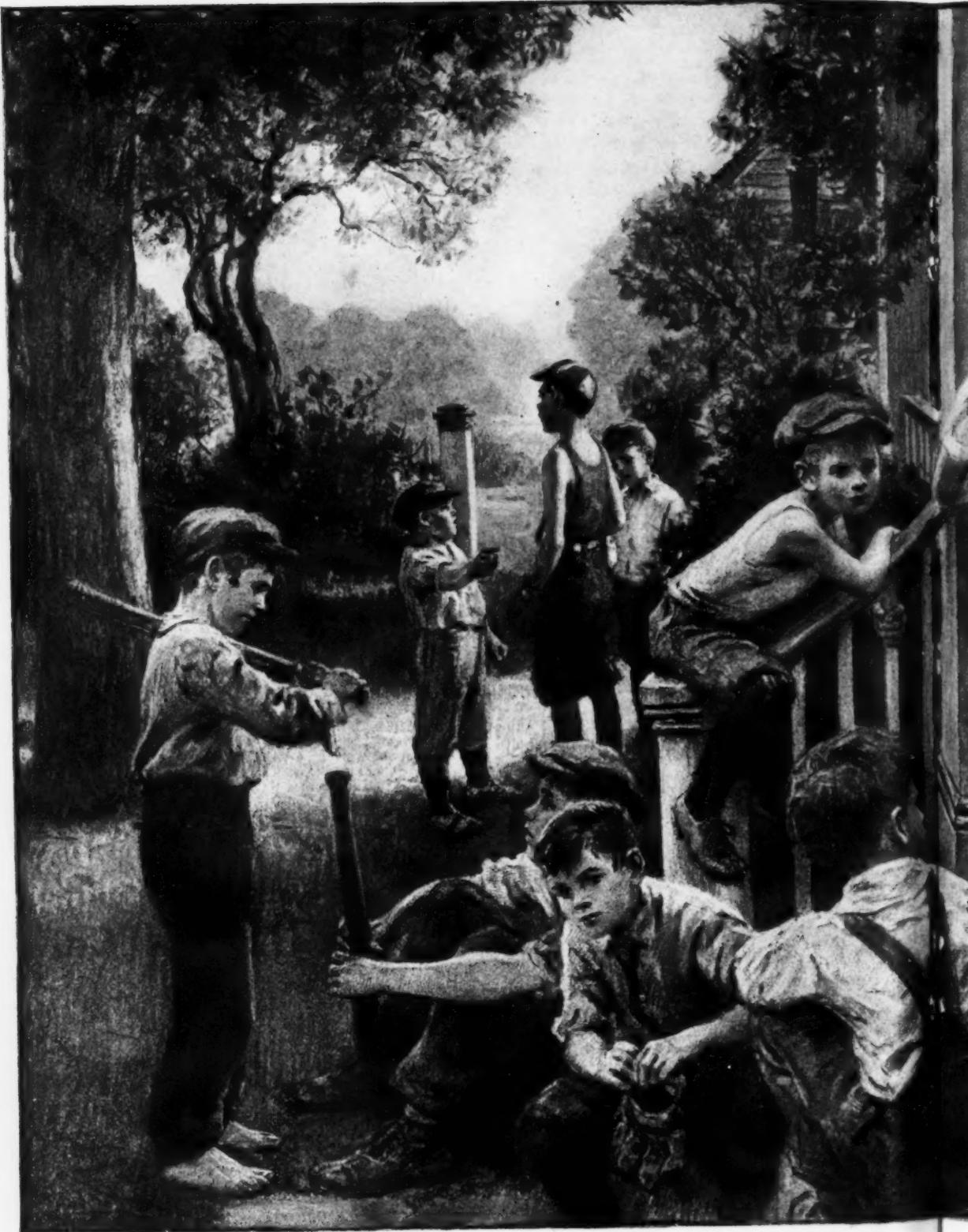
The Dean is a good writer, a good speaker, a good scholar and not so gloomy as report makes out. He slams some things, calls divine healing "humbug," despises Spiritualism and says it is "thoroughly bad," which makes one feel that he is much like other folks in not knowing about the things he does not know about. One wishes that so able and important a mind might have benefited by transplanting as Osler and Sargent did. The Dean needs to burst his shell of erudition and blossom out with new hopes, but St. Paul's Churchyard and the *Morning Post* will hardly bring them to him.

E. S. Martin.



POOR PYGMALION!
THE STORY OF A TOO-REALISTIC MASTERPIECE

LIFE



Holding Up the

LIFE ·



© 1958 by C. Anderson

ng Up the Game



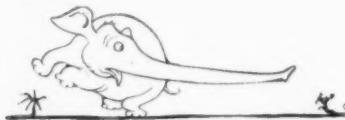
Coasting

FROM now on the theatrical season begins to act queerly. On the surface it looks rational enough. Openings come along with a fairly normal regularity; they have titles like regular plays, and quite sensible-sounding actors appear in them. It is only when you attend them that you find out that the whole thing is just mad. It is one of the first signs of the season's demise. And the funny part of it is, some one is paying for it in good, round money.

There was, for instance, something called "Thrills." *There* was a little dandy for you! It dealt with a wife whose husband was pretty cross to her and who turned for consolation to one of those stage-authors who know all about women. And what was the author's name but *Armand Valry!* This *Armand* was one of the quickest boys on the recovery that sporting annals have any record of. You simply couldn't stump him. When the husband entered the room suddenly and found his wife in *Armand's* arms getting good and kissed, *Armand*, with that native inventiveness of all authors, explained that he was simply demonstrating to the lady the ending to the second act of a play he was writing. Luckily it was a comparatively clean play.

Then again, in the second act (not of *Armand's* play but of Mr. Dugan's), when the wife had been lured to the author's "diggings" and, after the regulation advances usually made in an author's diggings, had threatened to scream, *Armand* quietly informed her that, with diabolical cunning, he had foreseen that she might want to scream, and had notified all the neighbors not to pay any attention to odd sounds which might issue from his room. This rather left the lady helpless, you will admit.

But, as *Armand* himself had said only as short a time before as the first act, "of two evils, we naturally choose the more pleasant," this department took its hat and went out into Forty-first Street without ever seeing what happened to *Mozella* (for it was indeed she). Whatever it was, it probably was pretty unsatisfactory.



NOW, just to show that it is not a jaded taste that makes us leave plays like "Thrills," we are going to admit that we got no end of enjoyment out of "Taps" simply from hearing the clank of swords and the clatter of the German military salute. "Taps" is an old-fashioned soldier-play, written in Germany long before the late war and produced in this country a couple of decades ago with Herbert

Kelcey and Effie Shannon. It is probably pretty obvious stuff, but we have a craving for military plays in which lieutenants clank on and off and generals with monocles (especially German generals) gnaw at their mustachios and give guttural orders. Of all armies on the stage, we prefer the German and the Confederate, which probably bespeaks a traitorous streak in our make-up that will send S. Stanwood Menken running to the files to look up our record.



THERE is, incidentally, a quite distinct line of comparison between "Taps" and "What Price Glory?" in spite of the difference between their ages. It is like flying over the lines and looking down first into the American quarters and then into the German. In both plays there is the bitterness over the false distinctions of military rank, and "Taps," when it was written in Germany by Herr Beyerlein, must have caused as many purple faces over the high collars of the staff officers as "What Price Glory?" has among our Praetorian Guard to-day. Yet its effect on the Prussian system was not noticeable. We suckers are easily excited into revolt in the theatre, but, after all, we know our place when the time comes.



ALTHOUGH Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick are featured in "Taps," the two rôles which give the play its kick are played by Ullrich Haupt and McKay Morris. It would be interesting to know what goes on in Mr. Haupt's mind as he executes with such practiced precision the old German salute, now for the excitement of an audience of verdamme Americans in a uniform made by the Eaves Costume Co. Whatever his thoughts are, they inspire him to a splendid performance.



IT is too bad that a play like "O Nightingale" stands so little chance of contending with the elements, for it is quite nice and is performed by nice people. Perhaps its disadvantage is due to the fact that it has to be played before a public which laughs when a very appealing little girl (Martha-Bryan Allen) says: "I've got no one but my father and he's—in jail." Since that is considered a funny line by an audience, you can't expect much more from them.

Robert Benchley.

Al
evi
Da
way
De
The
Very
Mexi
The
trage
The
"Pap
membr
Lac
the g
My
Portu
Nig
one
and o
Old
very
The
ian m
Ros
viewed
Sile
the ki
Tap
The
"aulin
nder
alifor
Thri
Wh
play
more
Whi
happ
steep
The
ast pi
The
end o
liam
Com
Abie
until
held by
are as
have to
Aren
revival
The
charact
Cas
theatre
Helen
roles.
The
a play
ell co
The
ing Ba
night's
The
wife tr
Fontan
The
show, v
Is Z
ence w
you'll h
Love

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Aloma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

Dancing Mothers. *Maxine Elliott's*—The way to handle husbands and daughters.

Desire Under the Elms. *Earl Carroll*—The sex life of a New England family. Very drab.

The Dove. *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn chasing Judith Anderson back and forth over the Mexican border for no good purpose.

The Dunce Boy. *Daly's*—Backwoods tragedy.

The Knife in the Wall. *Frolic*—Formerly "Puppets" and nothing remarkable, as we remember it.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lycum*—Giving the girl a chance to go straight.

My Son, Nora Bayes. *Life* among the Portuguese on Cape Cod.

Night Hawk. *Bijou*—The sensational comeback of a streetwalker who was down and out.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss as a very lovable old sinner.

The Rat. *Colonial*—The customary Parisian underworld.

Rosmersholm. *Fifty-Second St.*—To be reviewed later.

Silence. *National*—H. B. Warner in just the kind of crook play he ought to be in.

Taps. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders in a highly interesting account of California sex-appeal.

Thrills. *Comedy*—Reviewed in this issue.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A war play that ought to appeal to a great many more people than the war did.

White Cargo. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—What happens to you in South Africa if you don't sleep out of the sun.

The Wild Duck. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Ibsen's best play, done exceedingly well.

The Witch Doctor. *Martin Beck*—What a bad old native did to a group of African diamond miners.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—If this runs until May 22 it will have broken the record held by "Lightnin'" for length of run. We are as nervous as a witch. Suppose it should have to close on May 21!

Aren't We All? *Globe*—Cyril Maude in a revival of his very pleasant little comedy.

The Back Slapper. *Hudson*—A good characterization in a pretty unworthy play.

Cæsar and Cleopatra. *Guild*—The new theatre dedicated with Shaw's divine comedy. Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill in the title roles.

The Fall Guy. *Eltinge*—Ernest Truex in a play of the common people which rings the bell continuously.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—The fast-working Benvenuto Cellini doing an ordinary night's work.

The Guardsman. *Garrick*—Husband and wife trouble, made worth hearing by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

The Harem. *Bolasco*—Just a good smutty show, with Lenore Ulric.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—It makes no difference whether you like prizefighting or not, you'll like this.

Love for Love. *Greenwich Village*—One

of those Seventeenth Century comedies with just enough dirt to get by.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—Blanche Bates in an entertaining reversal of the wild children problem.

O Nightingale. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Pigs. *Little*—Nice and clean.

The Poor Nut. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

Ruinet. *Provincetown*—Technical promising among the mountaineers.

The Sapphire Ring. *Schwyn*—To be reviewed next week.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Still in the vanguard.

Starlight. *Wallack's*—Doris Keane in a series of the more feverish episodes in the life of an actress.

White Collars. *Cort*—Pretty amusing try-out of several radical economic theories.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Casino*—Only fair, as they go.

China Rose. *Knickerbocker*—Mild stuff.

Lady, Be Good. *Liberty*—The Astaires and Walter Catlett in as good a musical show as you will find.

Louie the Fourteenth. *Cosmopolitan*—A beautiful thing to see, and Leon Errol to laugh at.

The Love Song. *Century*—For music-lovers.

Mercenary Mary. *Longacre*—To be reviewed next week.

The Mikado. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A splendid revival.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Fannie Brice and lots of others in a good revue.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Satisfactory.

Princess Ida. *Shubert*—Another treat for Gilbert-and-Sullivaners.

Puzzles of 1925. *Fulton*—Elsie Janis's first-class revue, with Jimmy Hussey.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—The big musical hit.

The School Maid. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

Sky High. *Winter Garden*—Willie Howard in a dancing show which will recall the old days.

The Student Prince. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—The best chorus singing in town.

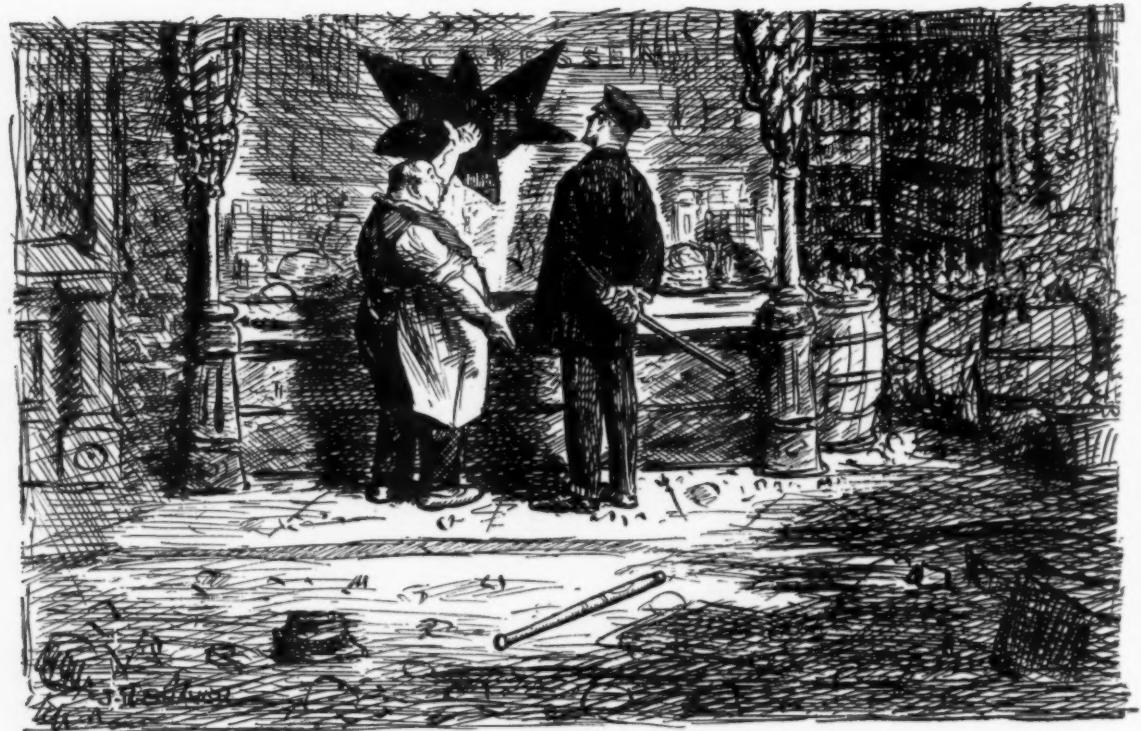
Tell Me More. *Gaity*—To be reviewed next week.

Topsy and Eva. *Sam H. Harris*—The incomparable Duncan Sisters.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—The funniest Follies in years, thanks to W. C. Fields and Ray Dooley.



W. C. FIELDS IN ZIEGFELD FOLLIES



The First Home Run of the Season

To Phyllis

(Who Finds City Air Cloying)

FLY with me, Phyllis, away from this levity,
Out where the trout are the fisherman's lure,
There where the farmers ascribe their longevity
To germ-ridden ozone, "refreshingly pure"—
There where effluvia from far Peruvia
Ooze from the tires and smother the rose,
Where Hot Texas Wienery signs spoil the scenery
And frankfurter fragrance caresses your nose.

Come to the countryside, Phyllis, and dwell with me,
Where daisies by zephyrs are playfully tossed;
Romp through the meadows, my darling, and smell with me
Pretzels, bologna and motor exhaust.
Come to the fountain-side there at the mountain-side,
Haunt at one time of the partridge and deer,
And sniff the respectable, highly delectable
Odor of Swiss cheese, sweet pickles and beer!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Not Quite Fair

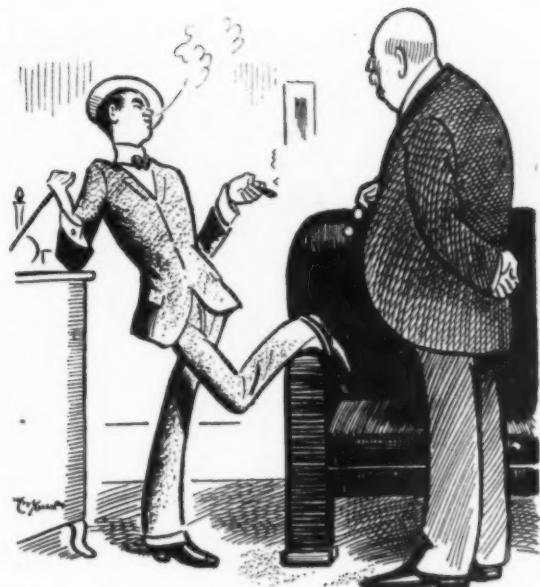
CALLER: Well, Bobby, how do you like your new baby sister?

BOBBY: Oh, all right, only I was expecting a radio.



"WHAT'S DE MATTER WIP OLD SPUD?—HE AIN'T SELLIN' NO MO' OIL STOCKS."

"SHUCKS, NIGGAH! HE DONE LOST 'IS MAP!"



Senior: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU GET OUT OF COLLEGE?

Junior: OH, I'M LEAVING THAT TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

April
30th

Awakened by a strange, muffled booming to that terrifying Where-Am-I? state of consciousness, and then I did realize that I had come down to Atlantic City the previous night to visit Mary Searles, so up to look out at the ocean, which was doing exactly as Tennyson bade it, a gorgeous sight, too, nor can I comprehend how any one goes down to the sea in ships who can stay safe on shore and regard its majesty. All the morning gone marching briskly along the boardwalk, convinced that I should do ten or fifteen miles every day of my life were I always so secure from cross-street traffic and urchins on roller skates, and then to the Ritz for luncheon. What will Madame have? asked the head-waiter. I suppose I must have Consommé Bellevue, some fish and a salad, I responded, but what I should really like is a hot dog. So he did bring me two fine ones, replete with mustard, as though he were serving a *spécialité de la maison*. Such a man belongs in an embassy, not a restaurant. At Japanese ping-pong throughout the afternoon, winning a questionable lacquer box for an outlay of four or five dollars, and thence to the station to meet Samuel. Are you not glad we are to step in a charming apartment instead of an hotel? I asked him. I should say so, he answered, because there will be no necessity of constantly passing out twenty-five-cent pieces to uniformed strangers.

May
1st

Roused long before the household by the sun streaming into my room, and consumed by so violent a hunger that I did steal out to the larder to stay myself until breakfast, but found nought

(Continued on page 39)



"Mme. Sans-Gêne"

IT is almost too easy to kid "Mme. Sans-Gêne," for here is the prime example of press-agentry at its most bombastic. Here is a picture which started its career burdened with an intolerable load of gilded bunk, and crumpled under that burden.

At the time of Gloria Swanson's marriage to Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, the uproar concerning "Mme. Sans-Gêne" began to assume international significance. We were given to understand that the cause of world peace depended on our appreciation of this picture; it was even intimated that our Miss Swanson, single-handed, had undertaken to repay America's debt to Lafayette.

The preliminary advertisements of "Mme. Sans-Gêne" started with the words, "Messieurs et Mesdames," and went on to say that "Adolph Zukor et Jesse Lasky presentent," concluding with the statement that the production was made "Sous la Protection du Ministère des Beaux Arts et du Gouvernement Français" and that "Madame Sans-Gêne est un film Paramount." We who were invited to attend the world première felt that we should wear tri-color cockades and drive up Broadway in tumbrils, shouting, "Vive la République!" "Vive Gloria!" "Vive M. Zukor et M. Lasky!"

Miss Swanson, herself, and the Marquis were lavishly feted, and on the night of the gala opening of "Mme. Sans-Gêne" at the Rivoli Theatre, in New York, the steps leading to the royal box were strewn with spring flowers.

There was also considerable stress upon the "Marseillaise"....

FINALLY, as a sort of afterthought, the projection machines started whirring, and "Mme. Sans-Gêne" was revealed upon the cold, dispassionate surface of the screen.

It proved to be a thoroughly dull picture, and indicated that all the loud-mouthed exploitation in the world cannot atone for the absence of drama.

Almost every one knows "Mme. Sans-Gêne," the story of the brisk little

laundress who survived the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars to become, eventually, the Duchess of Danzig. It is a perfect part for any star who likes to romp.

Naturally enough, Miss Swanson runs wild, using to the limit all the violent tricks of her trade. At times she is extremely effective, in a purely pictorial way; at other times she is guilty of gross exaggeration. She mugs dreadfully.

The supporting cast is entirely French, and is distinguished only in the instances of Arlette Marchal and Renée Heribelle, who appear as the shrewish sisters of Napoleon.

"MME. SANS-GÊNE" has one virtue—beauty; and even that proves a detriment. For the lovely and authentic scenes at Fontainebleau and Compiègne are so carefully labeled in the sub-titles that the picture resolves itself into a Burton Holmes travelogue. It is explained that permission to photograph these historic locations was given by the French Government—an "exceptional favor, which will in all probability never be received again."

Probably not—after the officials of the French Government have had a look at "Mme. Sans-Gêne."

"Man and Maid"

THE latest of Elinor Glyn's literary gems to reach the screen is entitled "Man and Maid," a throbbing story of base passion and pure love in Paris during the declining days of the Great War. It starts off, appropriately enough, with a close-up of the celebrated author in the act of writing. The deathless words that she is inditing are these: "Women do one of three things to men—exalt them, degrade them or bore them to death."

Then she unfolds the story and substantiates her doctrine, placing particular emphasis upon the last of the three accomplishments.

Lew Cody plays the hero in "Man and Maid," which is as it should be—and there is an excellent performance by the dependable Winter Hall.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 36.)



GLORIA SWANSON IN
"MME. SANS-GÊNE."



FAIRFAX—*By the Master Craftsmen*

James Harriott, for 48 years, a Gorham Master craftsman of the Durgin Division, Concord, N. H., engraving a special design on a Fairfax waiter.

FAIRFAX PATTERN

Tea spoons 6 for \$9.50
Dessert knives 6 for 19.00
Dessert forks 6 for 21.50

THE supremacy of FAIRFAX remains unchallenged. This exquisite pattern, designed and wrought by the master craftsmen to-day leads in volume of sales all other sterling patterns in the world.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE BOSTON NEW YORK

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS



The Princess of the Air

This is said to be the neatest compliment on record. The day after she had been taken to see Pavlova, Ethel sat busy with pencil and paper. "I am writing a fairy story about Pavlova," she told her mother. "And how does it start?" "Like this—'There was once a feather named Pavlova . . . !'"

—*Saturday Night (Los Angeles)*.

Saving the Ceiling

The full-grown pygmy elephant refused by the Zoo is only between three and four feet high. We wish the people in the flat upstairs would exchange their present one for it.—*Punch*.

"I SEE NO EXCUSE FOR SUNDAY GOLF."

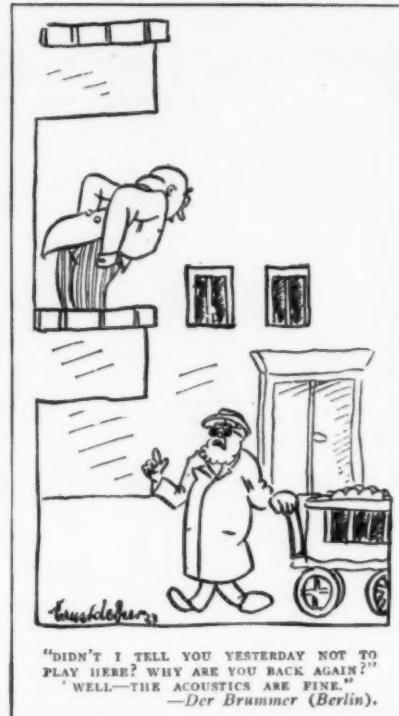
"Well, it keeps people from reading the Sunday newspapers."—*Boston Transcript*.

LIFE is what you make.

—*Denver Parrakeet*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU YESTERDAY NOT TO
PLAY HERE? WHY ARE YOU BACK AGAIN?"
"WELL—THE ACOUSTICS ARE FINE."
—*Der Brummer (Berlin)*.

One Up

There were two jolly cobblers living in the same village, one on each side of the street, and mighty jealous of each other. One was a bit of a scholar, and proud of it. The other knew nothing but his own trade. One day the scholar thought it was time he made a bid to get more trade than his rival. So he put up a board, and on it was written in a good round hand: "Mens Sana In Corpore Sano."

But the other fellow was not to be so easily beaten. He, too, put up a board, and on it was written in a wobbly, rather abominable hand: "Men's and Women's Sana In Corpore Sano."

—*London Daily Express*.

The Sense of the Meeting

"Look-a-heah, black boy; if you takes my girl out again I'll shoot you full-a-holes."

"Brothah, Ah hopes you does."

—*California Pelican*.

Add Howlers

From a recent school examination:
Q. What did Wolfe do at Quebec?

A. The wicked beast made war on Little Red Riding-Hood.—*Tit-Bits*.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Clothes for Tennis and Golf

— Luggage

We have just issued a colored map
of part of New York City
which will be sent to any one mentioning
LIFE

Ask about FOOT-JOY FEATURES

—the greatest accomplishment in shoe construction, we believe, of the century. An exterior possessing Rolls Royce luxury and style and grace, an interior so perfectly correct and foot supporting that foot ills will never happen—in a word, Foot-Joy. And the price is surprisingly low.

Send for booklet "What Shoes to Wear"
FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST



Also makers of famous *Anatomik* shoes for men

BOSTON PALM BEACH NEWPORT
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



The great motoring public and the motor industry recognize the dominating prestige of Fisher Bodies. Not alone because of their finer designs; nor because of their manifest comfort and luxury. But chiefly because of the sound, superior value and the enduring service which are born of sturdy and ingenious construction.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

5 Great New Ships

TRANSYLVANIA
CALEDONIA
CALIFORNIA
TUSCANIA
CAMERONIA

Second to none in equipment and appointments for passenger comfort, these five new liners recently added to our New York-Londonderry - Glasgow Service form an important and outstanding feature of present day transatlantic travel; they make the old-established Route from

New York to
SCOTLAND
and
North of Ireland
via Londonderry

a most desirable one for beginning and ending a European Tour, the most logical one for those traveling regularly to Scotland for business or pleasure.

To lovers of outdoor life few places offer the attractions of Scotland, with its bracing, ozone laden air, great moors, sparkling streams and gem-like lakes

Links famous since the ancient game began await the golfer; splendid roads, revealing new vistas of scenic beauty at every turn; shooting and fishing afford exciting sport, while ancient castles and ivy-covered ruins enchant lovers of the romance with which Scottish history and literature is filled. Old time inns abound with hearty welcome from genial hosts and all the comforts of well-equipped hotels.

For literature and full particulars apply

ANCHOR LINE
25 Broadway New York
or Branches and Agencies

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



What's in a Match?

(On Reading a Report of the Swedish Match Company)

You slender stalk with a small black bud,
That bursts in yellow petalled flame,
Unless indeed you prove a dud,
I marvel greatly how you came,
You that I spend to light a fag,
To give so marvelous a name
To the Svenska Tändsticksbolagets
Forsäljningsaktiebolag.

I bow in reverence, tiny stick,
And scarcely dare for change to ask,
Or snap, "A box of matches, quick,"
Rememb'ring your gigantic task
In having such a tail to wag,
Or hide behind so brave a mask,
As Förenade Svenska Tändstickfabriker
Aktiebolag.

—A. W., in *London Daily Chronicle*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Round Oath

The Bishop of London is said to figure in the following incident. He had been salmon fishing in the Highlands when two ghillies were heard subsequently discussing his merits, and one of them remarked: "He's a very nice gentleman, he is, but he do swear something dreadful." "Swear?" exclaimed the other, aghast. "And him a bishop?"

"Aye," said the first. "A salmon started to rise and I asked him, 'Shall I row after that — fush, m'lord?' And he said, 'Yes, do!'"

—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Reducing the Family Weight

"What makes you look so fatigued?" was asked of an undersized Arkansas Cityan the other day.

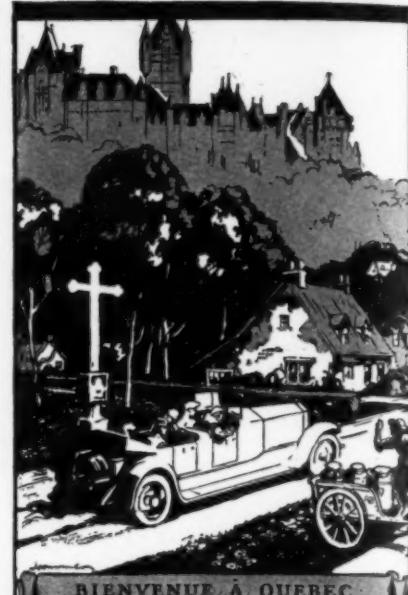
"Well, it's like this," he replied. "My wife is walking to reduce, and the only time she can do it without attracting the attention of the neighbors is in the evening. She insists that I go along, even if I am tired. The last two weeks I have lost eight pounds and she has gained two ounces." —*Arkansas City Traveler*.

Copy!

"How much shall I write about this thing of man's being composed mostly of glue?" asked the reporter. "Oh, about a couple of sticks," said the day city editor, who has his serious side. —*New York World*.

PATRIOTIC FATHER (indicating naval officer): There, my son, goes one of our most famous sailors.

BOY (unimpressed): Huh! Where's his parrot? —*London Opinion*.



BIENVENUE À QUEBEC

June Quebec's quaintest month

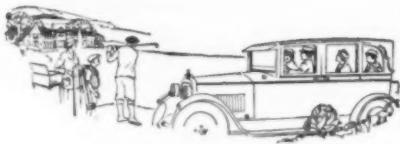
Few know it. Few deem it possible. Here, in June, throbs a typical Normandy countryside...French peasant houses, in fresh white-wash. French girls, in starched pinnafore. Wayside shrines opened — pilgrims passing. Oxen plowing—women planting....Thru Quebec's medieval streets, pass age-old religious and patriotic ceremonials. On 500-foot-high Dufferin Terrace, time-honored French evening parades and concerts....Chateau Frontenac, is the huge baronial castle of the scene. June finds it gay, yet uncrowded. Its famous hospitality at its best....June for quiet browsing! June for the unspoiled quaintness of this quaint place! Interesting literature and information at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL
ATOP OLD QUEBEC



Whether it's a
250-yard drive, or a 2000-mile trip, you can depend on Dunlop. Dunlop golf balls, like Dunlop tires, are made for distance and durability.



An even better Dunlop in 1925

No matter how much distance you have gotten with Dunlops in the past — you can drive farther with this 1925 ball.

You may argue that it was impossible to make the ball steadier—but we have.

Add to the Dunlop durability a new and better paint and you have in the 1925 Dunlop a ball that's a glutton for punishment. From hide to heart—it's better.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.
Golf Ball Department
125th St. at 12th Ave.
New York
\$1.00 each

The
DUNLOP
GOLF BALL

Makers of
the famous
Dunlop Tires



How I Saved a Cent—and Became a Better Man

THE other day I washed my hands in a public wash-room. I looked around for a towel. I should have looked before I did my washing and then the water dripping from my hands wouldn't have ruined my brand-new shine. But that is beside the point. I looked, as I said, for a towel. And just when I was beginning to think that All Was Lost my eye lit on a metal box on which these words were painted: PAPER TOWELS. INSERT ONE CENT IN SLOT.

I put one of my dripping hands in my right trousers pocket. No pennies there. But my hand was dry when I withdrew it. My left hand went into the left pocket. I found a penny there but by the time I'd extricated it my left hand was dry too. So I put the coin back. It was a joyous experience, one thoroughly in accord with the presidential thrift ideas. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not recommending this system to President Coolidge, though doubtless his pockets are as absorbent as mine.

Not only did I save money by my experience but I came out of it a Better Man. I experienced, for the first time, a kindly feeling toward my clothier, whom I owe money and naturally hate. When a thing happens that teaches a man to love his enemies it is important and worth recording, though the editor to whom I am sending this piece may not agree with me.

E. A.

My Husband Says

THAT of course he is fond of Tiddie-dewinks; he admires him profoundly.

He says he doesn't go into ecstasies over the four Californian pea beans and one Lima bean that I found on the bottom of each of his paws after a rainstorm; and he isn't inspired to write such lines as, "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of fleas; four and twenty fiddle strings tied around his knees."

But he says he never winced when I paid fifteen dollars for a basket for him.

He says the basket episode marked a new era in his life; previously he had been thoughtfully economical at times, but he saw the futility of it and has had a much better time ever since.

But he says he hopes I will never again ask him to bring fresh catnip from town.

He objects to being followed home by a procession of anxious-looking cats who seem to look upon him as their own personal bootlegger. L. B. S.

WHAT an awful nuisance it is to flee from temptation and have it refuse to follow!

*A Sweet Breath
at all times!*



*After eating
or smoking
Wrigley's
freshens the
mouth and
sweetens the
breath*

Odors of dining or
smoking quickly
disappear - throat
is refreshed - the
stomach relieved
and digestion aided.

*Wrigley's is more than a
sweet - it's a positive benefit*

*Many doctors
and dentists
recommend it.*



FOR MOTHER—on her day

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES



ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The House Divided

He Says

I'LL have him taught boxing by a professional, and after public school and high school he's going to a college where they play *hard* football. I'm not going to have my kid grow up a sissy.

She Says

I'm going to put him in a dancing class to learn poise and grace. There's a lovely private school where they teach rhythm and sculpture and aesthetics and all things like that where I'm going to send him. I don't want my son to grow up a rowdy.

D. B.



ONE never knows how deeply mothers appreciate the thoughtfulness of their loved ones.

Often a simple gift, with love, is more appreciated than something far more elaborate which is offered perfunctorily. It isn't what you give with her, so much as how you give.

So, for mother, on her day of days, send Johnston's. She will appreciate your consideration in remembering her.

Johnston's Candies are worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

How many products have you stuck to for twelve years?

For considerably more than 4,000 consecutive days, Mr. Fuchs, of Atlanta, has filled his pipe with the same kind of tobacco and found satisfaction therein.

Before he settled on Edgeworth, in 1912, this veteran smoker had "tried 'em all." And since then he undoubtedly has heard the praises of other good tobaccos sung by fellow smokers.

But Mr. Fuchs stays sold—stays put. Because, he says, for a cool, pleasant, long smoke there is nothing to equal it. Other smokers who seek that kind of smoke should read his letter.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

It has been my desire to write you for the past twelve years, ever since I have been smoking "Edgeworth."

I used every well known brand until I tried Edgeworth and have stayed in the ranks of Edgeworth smokers ever since. I have during that time mustered quite a number of recruits into the army of real pipe joy.

Edgeworth is truly the aristocrat of smoking tobacco. For a cool, pleasant long smoke, there is nothing to equal Edgeworth.

Wishing you further success, I remain,
Yours very truly,
Eugene A. Fuchs.

For men like Mr. Fuchs we keep Edgeworth uniform year in and year out. That's probably why the Edgeworth Club has so many life members.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16E South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Inquiry

PRAY, what are you dreaming of,
Lady Delight,
Sitting alone in your sweet-scented
bower?
On the dross of the world? The sub-
version of Right?
I've been wondering here, for an
hour.

Around you the delicate fragrances
playing
Of hyacinth, violet, rose
Coquette with your eyes, their softness
betraying
To the tilt at the tip of your nose.

O Lady, what hauteur there is in the
glances
You deign on Humanity, cluttering
by!
Hellenic and cold, cloaked about with
sweet fancies,
A Pallas Athene, beyond mortal eye!

Who knows what great thoughts, of
Olympian grandeur,
Are yours, as you sit there enthroned
in your bower?
I only know, Lady, I've tried to com-
mand your
Attention, to wrap up this soap, for
an hour.

L. J. R.

Precept Upon Precept

STOP a moment, fellows. It's all right to be funny, if you can; but LIFE, like life, has its serious side.

In this age of irreligion and unfaith it rather heartens some of us to see a notable exemplification of the Christian virtues, a visible proof that the teachings of Scripture can be employed as the rule of life.

The man who has thus put religion into practice is the Rev. Father Thomas P. Hayden, sometime chaplain of the Atlanta penitentiary. With the warden of the penitentiary and certain others, Father Hayden conspired to shake down some convicted bootleggers for ten thousand dollars, giving them in return soft jobs while they served their terms in the penitentiary. For is it not written, "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness"?

The warden seems to have managed things crudely, however. The story got abroad. Thereupon Father Hayden be-thought himself of the Christian virtues of repentance and confession. He squealed on his confederates, and ac-

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



FOR THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

UNHEALTHY
soil kills the best
of wheat. Un-
healthy gum kill the
best of teeth. To
keep the teeth sound
keep the gums well.
Watch for tender and
bleeding gums. This
is a symptom of Pyor-
rhea, which afflicts
four out of five peo-
ple over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces
the body as well as the
teeth. Not only do the
gums recede and cause
the teeth to decay,
loosen and fall out,
but the infecting Pyor-
rhea germs lower the
body's vitality and
cause many serious
ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea,
visit your dentist fre-
quently for tooth and
gum inspection. And
use Forhan's For the
Gums.

Forhan's For the
Gums will prevent
Pyorrhea—or check
its progress—if used
in time and used con-
sistently. Ordinary
dentifrices cannot do
this. Forhan's will
keep the gums firm
and healthy, the
teeth white and
clean. Start using it
today. If gum-shrink-
age has set in, use
Forhan's according
to directions, and
consult a dentist im-
mediately for spe-
cial treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
in U. S. and Can.
Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

cordingly goes free, while the warden spends a year and a half in his own penitentiary. The warden hardened his heart like Pharaoh and wouldn't squeal; but Father Hayden remembered that even the eleventh hour is not too late, and that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance.

E. D.

Big Business

(*If It Were Conducted on Moving
Picture Principles.*)

MR. GRUMPIUS, president of the concrete collar-button trust, conceives the idea of a new factory.

From his New York office he calls Mr. Whoosis, chairman of the board of directors, Hollywood, Calif., to discuss the project.

After running up toll bills of

\$10,862.25, the decision to go ahead is finally reached.

Mr. Whiffle, architect of the moment, is called in to prepare the plans, despite the fact that he specializes in country homes, and is given a fee of \$75,000.

When the plans are completed, Grumpus turns them over to a \$30-a-week draughtsman for revision that will fit them for a collar-button factory.

The factory is built by day labor under direction of a temperamental superintendent, who resigns during a disagreement with Grumpus over a trifling detail.

His successor decides that the first and third stories won't do and tears them down.

When the factory is completed Grumpus finds that the public is turning from concrete collar-buttons. Accordingly a cabinet officer is hired to put the industry back on its feet.

E. W. T.



CRICHTON & CO. LTD.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

New York-636 Fifth Avenue (corner of 51st Street)

THE Queen Anne and Georgian periods—famous for the creation of fine silver patterns—are represented in the Crichton collection by superb specimens of old English Silver and faithful Crichton Reproductions. The work of the Crichton craftsmen reveals a true reverence for the standards of the master silversmiths.



Crichton Reproduction of a fine George I model, Circa 1720

SUPERLATIVES



"This was the *most unkindest* cut of all," cried Mark Antony over the dead body of Julius Caesar. Shakespeare didn't hesitate to use a superlative here—he doubled it.

But the fact remains that superlatives are in bad repute. They have been overdone—particularly in advertising. Merchandising enthusiasm has overstepped itself a little. There has been too much emphasis of *best*—*greatest*—*most popular*.

Nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that superlatives are justified when they are *true*.

And when we make the statement that no tire ever built surpasses the *Mohawk Flat Tread Cord* in expert workmanship, quality material, advanced construction, and genuine sturdiness, we are simply stating facts which we know your own personal experience will confirm.



MOHAWKS

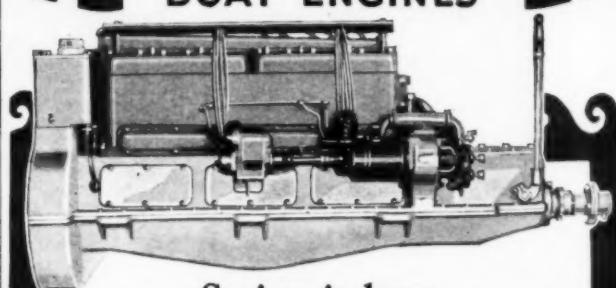


Go Farther!

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY . AKRON . OHIO

KERMATH

BOAT ENGINES



Spring is here
Time for a Kermath!

To really get the most out of motor boating we believe you will find Kermath the ideal marine motor from any point of view. Most experienced boat builders do. 80% of the leading boat makers now standardize on the Kermath exclusively. Kermath is the world's standard motor for any size boat because of its rugged construction—simple design—all around up-to-dateness. Kermath is an advanced motor—reliable—economical—perfectly balanced—accessible—easy to handle and needs no attention. Let us tell you more about this powerful power plant. Built for small, medium and larger boats. Write today.

34 H. P. \$135 to 100 H. P. 6 cylinder, \$1450.

"A Kermath Always Runs"

KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5870 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Michigan
11 E. Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.

A Kermath Always Runs

The Story of the Contest

(Continued from page 11)

had submitted a winning answer and two honorable mentions.

The Question Contest as a whole may be declared an unqualified success. The quality of the replies received was amazingly high and proved that the questions themselves were calculated to stimulate intelligent thought.

Contests, as an invariable rule, are dedicated to the increase of circulation; that fact is too obvious to be glossed over with fine editorial words. Thus, when a magazine offers large and attractive prizes, it expects to get its money back in the form of substantial readers.

That thought was not absent from our minds when we started this Question Contest—but even so, we were not entirely chained down by materialistic considerations. We are anxious to maintain for LIFE the position that it has achieved as a mouthpiece of American thought—an informal forum in which any one, however humble or obscure, may arise and speak his piece. In asking such pertinent questions as "Do the Newspapers Encourage Crime?" and "Is Religion on the Wane?" we made a sincere attempt to gauge the public sentiment.

"Old Town Canoes"



"OLD TOWN CANOES" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong, and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1925 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1535 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET

the world's standard

SHAVING BRUSH



Albright RUBBERSET knows the Flattery of Imitation!

Rubberset success has acted as a powerful magnet to many imitators. Be on your guard when you are offered a shaving brush which looks like the Albright Rubberset and is said to be "just as good."

Every Albright Rubberset is guaranteed unconditionally. The bristles are gripped *everlastingly* in hard rubber. Many Rubbersets have been continuously in use since 1888. It pays to demand a genuine Albright Rubberset.

A Product of
RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.
Look for Bull Dog Tag attached to every brush.

25¢ to \$ 25.00
*Every brush guaranteed
—regardless of price!*

We feel that our effort has been justified by the results, and we are grateful to our readers for their noble response. Many of them have suggested that we publish the selected answers in book form, and we hope to do so as soon as the classification process is completed.

Why Editors Love Murder

"THIS is a true happening. I know, because I witnessed it myself."

"I'm sorry I haven't a typewriter."

"My little boy is only eight years old, and I thought this was rather cute."

"Hope you don't mind my writing on both sides of the paper."

"And could you send me a copy of the issue with the funny movie story in it? I think it was some time in 1922—or 1921. I enclose stamp."

"Elsie Stevens told me she met you once, so I am sending you this."

"If you can't accept my story, I wish you would write me and tell me exactly what's wrong with it."

"Please don't mail this back. I'll come in at one o'clock Saturday afternoon to talk it over with you."

"This was printed in the old *Harper's Weekly*, but it was so long ago I'm sure every one will have forgotten it."

"Under separate cover I am sending you a scrapbook of my clippings, just to show you my style."

"This is to introduce my nephew, Bertie, who wants to be a writer."

"Dear Ed:—"

"Please tell me how much you pay for things and if you would be interested in a poem about spring."

"I wonder if you remember me. I met you at a dance last May."

"Here are some good ones about Prohibition."

T. B.



MELANIE FIXES THE FASHION

"WELL! IF MADAME ISN'T COPYING THE WAY I DO MY HAIR!"
—*La Vie Parisienne*.

Whitney PLAYMORE

TRADE MARK



The Sport-Shirt Sensation

Whitney PLAYMORE is the sport shirt that can't climb up your back or twist or stick to you or do any of the stunts that lend interest and profanity to outdoor sport. This new golf shirt has an attached belt of elastic wool instead of tails, and worn inside or over the trousers you'll get a freedom of movement that will help your temper as well as your game.

At most good shops—in oxford, flannel, broadcloth and other materials. Send for illustrated folder.

WACHUSETT SHIRT COMPANY

Makers of Men's Fine Shirts and Pajamas.

Dept. L, Leominster, Mass.

Recent Developments
(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26.)

Grass. *Paramount*—The migration of a Persian tribe graphically described in an enormously interesting picture.

The Heart of a Siren. *First National*—Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle in another variation of the old "Camille" theme.

Quo Vadis. *First National*—A new production of a famous spectacle, with Emil Jannings as *Nero*.

The Charmer. *Paramount*—Pola Negri as a Spanish dancer who conquers America. Not so good.

Smouldering Fires. *Universal*—Excellent drama of business and pleasure, with Pauline Frederick at her best.

A Kiss in the Dark. *Paramount*—Graceful comedy of mild indiscretions in the soothing atmosphere of Havana.

The Way of a Girl. *Metro-Goldwyn*—As silly a picture as you could hope to see.

Percy. *Producers' Distributing*—Charles Ray returns to his old form in a mass of phony thrills and good gags.

Sally. *First National*—A successful musical comedy with the songs and dances left out.

Waking Up the Town. *United Artists*—Jack Pickford as a young inventor in an insipid farce.

Sackcloth and Scarlet. *Paramount*—Virtue will triumph in the end, if you care to wait up that long.

Seven Chances. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Buster Keaton and several hundred brides.

The Last Laugh. *Universal*—Something to be pointed to with pride.

Charley's Aunt. *Producers' Distributing*—Syd Chaplin puts a new face on an old comedy.



Perpetual Good

(Continued from page 14)

designation its donor chooses. Perhaps you may want to create a memorial to some dear one.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

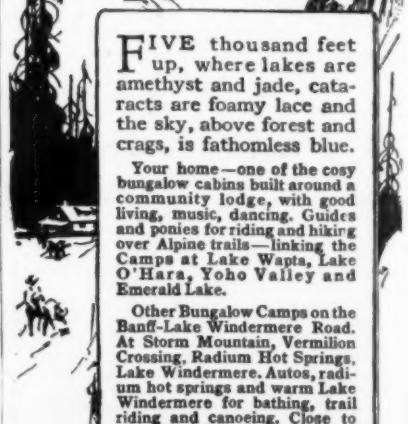
Balance from season 1924.....	\$608.23
Proceeds of a play given by the following members of the J. C. E. Club, Evanston, Ill.—Jean Rawlins, Jean Sanders, Jean McLellond, Jean Cameron, Cynthia Waldron and Elizabeth Koch	5.50
J. A. T., Porterville, Calif.....	15.00
John Sewell, Australia.....	2.04
A. F. Hummel, New York.....	20.00
Genevieve L. Donald, Asheville, N. C.....	18.00
L. B. Kenny, Brockton, Mass....	10.00
Geraldine and Dorothy Stahl, Oakland, Calif.....	20.00
L. Vaneck, Chicago.....	5.00
Robert Morrow, Jacksonville, Fla.....	20.00
Harry D. Thurston, Bangor, Me.....	1.00
The Stevens-Hodge Corporation, Danbury, Conn.....	25.00
Miss Montgomery, Calcutta, India.....	8.40
Mrs. J. E. Cooper, New Britain, Conn.....	15.00
W. L. W., State College, Pa.....	6.00
	\$779.17

N. B.—Children's clothing is badly needed—partly worn rompers, bathing suits, overalls, sweaters, jackets, underwear, and especially shoes. Our age limit is 8 to 14 years, but larger sizes frequently fit. Their own garments go to pieces with the hard vacation wear. Packages for boys sent to LIFE'S Farm, Pottersville, and for girls to Branchville (P. O. Georgetown, Conn.), will be gratefully acknowledged.

Remember the Mein!

THE Chinese tongs having made peace, suggestions for a suitable war memorial are in order.

Canadian Pacific Rockies BUNGALOW CAMPS



Please refer to BC-9

Canadian Pacific
Hotel Department
Windsor Station, Montreal

Among the New Books

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Step by step with a bacteriologist.

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). Something new and splendid in the younger generation.

The Painted Veil. By W. Somerset Maugham (*Doran*). Wherein the woman pays almost too much.

The House Without a Key. By Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Mystery on the beach at Waikiki.

The Great Gatsby. By F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner*). Fantastic proof that chivalry, of a sort, is not dead.

The Spring Flight. By Lee J. Smits (*Knopf*). Another even-as-you-and-I study of the great American scene.

A Young Man's Fancy. By John T. McIntyre (*Stokes*). Proving what can happen when it turns to a wax girl in a show window.

What of It? By Ring Lardner (*Scribner*). Characteristic magazine articles gathered into a book.

The George and the Crown. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Dutton*). More passion and struggle amongst the primitives of the English countryside.

Power. By Arthur Stringer (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Lion-and-the-mouse stuff, with the lion scoring at the finish.

High Noon. By Crosbie Garstin (*Stokes*). If you like romance and the Eighteenth Century, here you are!

Quotable Anecdotes for Various Occasions. By D. B. Knox (*Dutton*). First aid to the toastmasters.

If shaving leaves
your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

638 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

Made
particularly for
tender skins



"No, George—I'd prefer Dunhills. I'm smoking 'the finest' now—and they're only a Quarter for Twenty."



"Why not
Smoke the
Finest?"

25¢
for
Twenty

The Story of Irving Berlin. By Alexander Woolcott (*Putnam*). And a most absorbing one it is, too.

Fourteen Songs from A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." Music by H. Fraser-Simpson (*Dutton*). Which you surely must try over on your piano.

B. L.

A Safe One

EQUESTRIANISM at the White House is still a matter of debate. Representative Vinson of Kentucky, referring to Coolidge's celebrated automatic steed, charges him with riding a hobby-horse. Other Presidents have been accused of riding the high horse, or, worse yet, of straddling the fence.

HE: Book have a happy ending?

SHE: No, I believe the author is still alive.

MAJOR'S CEMENT



Playing the Game. By Stanley Harris (*Stokes*). The manager of the Washington baseball club tells how he rose from a mine boy to the boss of the present world-beaters.

Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation. By Anne Kimball Tuell (*Dutton*). A glimpse into the circumstances which made Alice Meynell and her work so "precious."

You, Too Can Have An Appealing Beauty



A skin and complexion glowing with the exquisite charm of youthful freshness. A beauty so fascinating as to compel the instant admiration of all. Let Gouraud's Oriental Cream show you how easy, how quickly, you can give to your appearance this alluring subtle touch.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM "Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an even, soft, delicate appearance to the face, neck, arms, shoulders or hands, an indispensable service for evening affairs. Its effect is both astringent and anti-septic, making it invaluable in cases of complexion blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. Made in three shades—white, flesh and rachel.

Send 50c for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream

M-1-5

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

Love, Honor and —

"As the editors of LIFE always say, 'Follow that Impulse.'"
—Ray Long in "The Cosmopolitan."

We are grateful to Mr. Long for the credit (it is seldom that LIFE is mentioned by those who employ our famous phrase), but we respectfully submit that we have not as yet dropped the "obey" from the marriage service which unites LIFE to its readers.



Homesick

CALIFORNIA! Land of sunshine and flowers—

Such phrases, to Boosters and Native Sons

Born in Missouri, are sacred ones. To us, the drizzle, the fog that lowers, Veiling the Golden Gate in showers Of trailing gray, are your benisons.

The sirens of nervous ferries scold Impertinent tugs in a shrewish yell. Their bows salute the Pacific's swell, Gray, wrinkled water that seeks a hold, Slapping the counters with fingers cold, Filling your nose with a raw, salt smell—

These are the memories that bind Your sons to the home they've left behind. A. H.

S. L. ROTHAFEL—"Roxy" of the radio—has written a book, and we shall now see whether the pen is mightier than the microphone.

The Perfect Citizen

GROVER CLEVELAND SMITH is the leading booster in the thriving city of Apex. He is just completing his fifteenth booster year and his fifth as a realtor, a profession he took up on retiring from the grocery business after the war.

Every week from October until July for years he has lunched on Monday with the Real Estate Exchange, on Tuesday with the Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday with the Credit Men's Association, on Thursday with the Kiwanis, on Friday with the Lions, and on Saturday with the Committee of One Hundred for Greater Apex.

His record is roughly two hundred and forty luncheons a year in the interest of his city and at every one of them he eats head lettuce with Thousand Island dressing. But to show you what kind of man Grover C. Smith is, his wife has served head lettuce with Thousand Island dressing for dinner almost every evening for years and Grover has never said a word.

He is the perfect citizen.

McC. H.

Sock and Buskin

THIS is the season when one realizes the great disadvantage of having a son or a daughter in high school. One has to attend the high-school plays.



In Detroit—The Book-Cadillac

WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.

1200 Rooms With Bath

\$ 4 and up

475 rooms at

minimum rate and \$5.00

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL CO.
ROY CARRUTHERS, President

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 25)

visible save bran muffins, whereupon the If-Johnny-Is-Hungry-He-Will-Eat-Bread-and-Butter legend died an instant death for me. So back to bed, pillowing myself to read in W. L. George's "The Story of Woman," but I did learn no news from it save that woman has always had a fondness for racy stories, which might be questioned because of her constantly asserted inability to remember them for repetition. Along the boardwalk again, Sam and Mary and Hy Binder somewhat concerned over my addressing the freaks in the exhibit and trying to persuade the cracker-jack man to sell me some unsyruped popcorn, so I reminded them that were we in Rome or Mayfair my behaviour would cause them no embarrassment, whereas theirs in Atlantic City was detracting considerably from my pleasure. After which Sam and Edgar so unbent that it was almost impossible to get them out of the rolling barrel.

May 2nd Lay late, pondering many things, in especial how they get those full-rigged miniature ships inside of bottles, and then up and off secretly to a soothsayer, who presaged great good fortune for me, of which, zany that I am, I believed every word. Promenading in haste to keep our appointment at the Traymore, I did grow so overheated that I sank to a divan in exhausted wrath upon finding the others not yet come, and with an intense desire to remove my hat, which was pressing my forehead and steaming the wave out of my hair. And it did come over me for the first time in my life that Queen Mary probably knows what she is about when she perches her millinery atop her coiffure.

Baird Leonard.

LIFE'S Little Sermons

BEHOLD the bootlegger!

He filleth the cups of the unlawful with wine and the hospitals with the halt and the blind. He rendeth the hearts of the law-abiding and maketh merry the sinful. He increaseth the labors of the doctors twenty-fold but decreaseth the purses of the people by twice twenty-fold.

He toileth not, neither doth he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these. He violateth the laws of the fathers and laugheth to scorn their edicts.

He is indeed a wicked and slothful man but he hath inherited the earth.

For we voted it to him. S. L.

MOTORIST (to farmer): Did a truck pass here about an hour ago?

FARMER: Scotch or rye?



W.L. DOUGLAS
SHOES
\$6.00-\$7.00-\$7.50

Smart styles for Spring, designed to meet the demands of young men, as well as the more conservative styles.

Whatever kind or price shoe you may desire, there is a W.L. Douglas Shoe which will meet your requirements.

More one retail price stamped on every pair at the factory.

W.L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.



A popular Light Russia Calf-Faced Oxford. One of our many New Models for Spring.

Why Take The Chance?

BEFORE investing your surplus funds take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

Eliminate the Risk In Investments

For, after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the May issue of Harper's Magazine will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.



TO know real garter comfort you must wear Bostons. When you ask for Bostons therefore, insist on getting them. The All-Rubber Oblong Button, the pad without a pucker, the fine quality of web and workmanship and the attractive colors are the superior features which make Boston Garters popular the world over.

For Sports Wear-Knicker Bostons
They keep sport stockings secure and free from slovenly wrinkles. Made in heathers, plain and variegated colors in appropriate sizes for men, women, boys and girls.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?



New Hair—or Money Back Written guarantee given by your own dealer!

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, given by your own drug or department store. If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 800,000 men have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by regrowing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as \$300.00 for similar basic treatment. Baldness is a symptom of a disease. It is most frequently a symptom of infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anyone with falling hair not to make the test.

Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on new principles. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—removes the infected Sebum. Falling hair stops. It revives the sickly, under-nourished hair roots, makes new hair grow. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today, ask for the Van Ess Treatment.

All drug and department stores in America handle Van Ess. We prefer not to ship by mail. Please order from your own local druggist or department store. Orders from outside U.S.A. will be filled direct from Van Ess Laboratories, 146 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Foreign orders must enclose postal money order at rate of \$1.50 per bottle.



Note This New Way— It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc., 146 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gypsy Song

*Romany chi, Romany chi,
Dudis flame in the Southern sky,
So is your old man—so do I—
Romany chi, Romany chi.*

*Romany rye, Romany rye,
Scotch, vermouth, Booth's high and
dry,
Into your heart like a bird I fly,
Romany rye, Romany rye.*

*Then it's wast in wast on the patteran,
There's oats for the gry and corn for
the ratti;
Follow the trail of the Romany clan,
What do we care if we're slightly
batty?*

*Tippoty tongues may harp and hound,
Gudlo's the world in the wind-swept
gorse;
Romany chals can not be bound
And tawnie yecks are a matter of
course.*

*Yo-heave-ho for the pal that's free,
East and possibly West, at that, oh
Follow the patteran wi' me,
For love o' your sonky hair I'm
matto.*

*Romany chi, Romany rye,
Tinkle of bosh and sarti merry;
Yours is the life—in a pig's left eye,
And a hey, down, derry-down derry.*

H. W. H.

How They Get Their Fresh Air

The Missus—By opening the windows widest on the coldest nights.

*That Pest in the Apartment Across
the Alley*—By playing his cornet with
the horn stuck out the window.

Some Children We Know—By inheritance from their parents.

That Bird in the Seat Ahead—By opening his window just as the train shoots into a tunnel.

Some Lucky Kids—At LIFE's Fresh Air Farm.

J. M. V. T.

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a baseball player who wrote his own signed articles in the newspapers.

Use **MURINE**
for **EYES**
Irritated by
Sun Wind Dust & Cinders
and after Golf, Motoring or any Outdoor Sport

Safe Milk
Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations



Copyright, 1925, The Fisk Tire Co., Inc.

• LIFE •

LINCOLN



Among the many
striking bodies, rep-
resenting the latest
thought of the leading
designers for the
Lincoln, is this smart
two-window Berline
by Judkins.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
Ford Motor Company